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CELTIC MAGAZINE

No. XIX.—MAY 1877.

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Article by Hugh Mackinnon. p 264

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XIX. MAY 1877. Vol. II.

THE LAST SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE, WITH A VARIETY OF COLLATERAL INCIDENTS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

The qualities and virtues of female life have not been so frequently developed as those of the opposite sex. This arises from the circumstance that the sphere in which Providence has more immediately appointed them to occupy is of a more domestic character. The virtues of female private life have seldom any record beyond that which is left in the esteem and affection of relatives and friends. Many of the most estimable, and perhaps the most valuable and worthy, of women have acquired no wide fame. Contented to fulfil their duties humbly, though ardently, their difficulties, their struggles, their devotedness, and their usefulness have been known but to comparatively few. Their unobtrusive virtues, however venerated in their own circle, have made but comparatively little claim upon public attention, and hence the world has but little acquaintance with their simple yet instructive history.

To this, however, there are many honourable exceptions. Not a few of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in science, literature, the fine arts, and various other walks of life. Even of the positive heroic we have the brave, masculine deeds of the celebrated "Maid of Orleans"—a lady whose natural enthusiasm, if not rather wild fanaticism, carried her far beyond the bounds of legitimate duty.

The subject of the present narrative was distinguished for her earnest and faithful devotion to the duties which she considered herself called upon to perform; and these duties she did perform amid severe trials and imminent perils. Her prudent measures, patient endurance, and active fortitude never appear to have forsaken her, nor did the hazard of her own life, from the cause which she had espoused, render her for a moment indifferent to the purpose which she had in view, or chill her benevolent exertions in the behalf of her fellow sufferers.

The various hardships which fell to the lot of this gallant lady, in rescuing the unfortunate Prince, are already well known. Her subsequent trials, on account of the part which she took in the interest of the Royal fugitive, were no doubt such as have seldom fallen to the lot of an unprotected female to endure. She was brought to London (as will be afterwards described), where she was kept as a State prisoner for nearly twelve months. An Act of Indemnity was eventually passed, by means of which the brave heroine was set at liberty, and permitted to return to her native Highland hills. Greater attention could not be paid to any distinguished lady than was paid to her by all classes of the nobility, in the Metropolis and elsewhere; yet her gentle heart longed for the homely welcome which she knew awaited her from her friends in Skye, and in the Long Island. She was, as expressed by the bard of Ledaig,—

'G iarraidh dh' ionnsuidh sneachd nan ard-bheann,
'S creagan corrach tir a' cairdeis,
Ged tha cluaintean Shasuinn aillidh,
'S mor gu'm b'fhearr 'bhi measg nan Gaidheal.

'S iomadh buaidh tha, 'luaidh, riut sinte,—
Buaidhean nach gabh dhomhsa innseadh;
Buaidhean pearsa, buaidhean inntinn,
Buaidhean nach gabh luaidh no sgriobhadh.

Nadur fiachail, fialaidh, fiealt',
Ann am pearsa chuimir, dhirich;
Cridhe blath, le gradh air 'lionadh,
'S caoimhneas tlath do dh'ard 's do dh'iosal!

Of these beautiful lines the following free version may be given:—

'Mid the pomp of huge London her heart still was yearning
For her home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.

What poet may praise her! her virtues to number,
Would baffle the cunning of pencil and pen
Though fair be the casket, the jewel is fairer,—
The best of true hearts, for the best of good men.

She is comely and kind, and of gracefulest greeting,
Erect and well-girt, as a Lady should show,
And a heart with warm blood, and a pulse ever beating,
With loving reply to the high and the low!

Before Flora was taken from Skye to the great Metropolis, she had many difficulties to encounter. In a brief space of time the various movements of the Prince through Skye, Raasay, and other adjacent localities soon became public; and the fact of his having been harboured by friendly parties in those quarters soon aroused the energy and zeal of the Government

officials against all who were known to give the least aid to the Prince for effecting his escape. Flora was considered the chief actor in this hazardous adventure. She had, however, a great number of stern coadjutors, and faithful accomplices. Among these were Clanranald and his lady,—Donald Roy Macdonald, brother of Hugh Macdonald of Baileshear, in North Uist,—Donald Macleod of Galtrigal in Skye,—Malcolm Macleod, —old Kingsburgh, and several others. Of all the Prince's friends, none could be more sincere and true to him in his misfortunes than the said Donald Macleod of Galtrigal. He was a shrewd and ingenious man, and capable of carrying out with great caution, whatever scheme he might have devised for the great object which he had in view. Hence, the more eager was the desire of the Government officers to get him captured, that he might stand trial for his offences. This was accomplished by a countryman of his own, Major Allan Macdonald of Knock, in Skye, an officer who had more opportunities than others of ferreting out Donald Macleod's movements. Major Allan, commonly called "Ailean a' Chnoic," was reputed to be a stern, cruel-hearted man, who had but few favourites in his native Isle. He treated the poor Jacobites in the Western Isles with uncalled-for severity, so that he was literally detested by most of his acquaintances, and particularly so by such as had embraced the Prince's cause. A certain priest in Uist, who cherished of course no brotherly love towards Major Allan, composed some verses to him of the most cutting and satirical description possible. Of these severe stanzas a few lines may be given for the amusement of Celtic readers. This pungent satire ran as follows :—

Ciod i do bharail air Ailean a' bheist?
Cha teid e o'n bhaile gu'n iul as a dheigh,
Bithidh claidh' air tarsuing, mar gu'n deanadh e tapadh,
B'e sin cuinneag a' mhaistridh, is ceis phaisgte nam breug!

Tha dubh-phuill uir Ailean a' Chnoic,
'S ait leam a chluinntinn air Ailean a' Chnoic,
'S gu'm bheil an dubh-phuill air a sparradh gu grinn,
'S gur ait leam a chluinntinn air Ailean a' Chnoic.

Donald Macleod was made prisoner in Benbecula by the said Major Allan Macdonald, and conveyed to London. On his release in June of the following year, he was presented by Mr John Walkinshaw of London, with a handsome silver snuff-box, beautifully chased and gilt. It remained, and likely still remains, an heirloom in the possession of his descendants. Donald Macleod was one of those well to-do farmers in Skye, who lived comfortably on their comparatively small tenements of land, and paid then from £30 to £60 of rent. This class of respectable farmers is now all but extinct. They were reckoned as gentlemen, and contrived to give good education to their children, by clubbing together, and employing tutors from the south to give instruction in all useful branches. Hence arose the fact that Skye, of all other localities in the Highlands furnished more officers for the army, and more to fill other high offices under Government, than any other province of its extent in the kingdom.

When it became known for a certainty that Prince Charles had succeeded in making his way to the mainland, and in ultimately arriving in France, the Royal Forces scattered over the Western Isles became much excited that the object of their research had thus escaped. Greatly annoyed at the failure of their vigilance in guarding the sea-coasts of these rugged Islands, the commanders by sea and land became doubly aroused to make their best of an expedition now all but hopeless. They became determined to wreak their vengeance, if possible, upon the various actors in the stratagem by which the Prince had eluded their grasp. Kingsburgh's guilt in this great affair was discovered by the captain of one of the Government ships. That venerable old gentleman was consequently arrested, sent prisoner to Fort-Augustus, and thence to Edinburgh Castle, where he was treated with painful severity and cruelty for a whole year. All his precautions and plans for concealment proved abortive from an incidental circumstance that took place at the time. Two days after the Prince had left Kingsburgh, Captain Ferguson of the Government warship, sailed across from the Long Island, as the rumour had spread that the Prince had escaped to Skye, and he cast anchor at the *Cranag*, a harbour close by the Chamberlain's residence. He went ashore for the purpose of procuring some fresh provisions, and other requisites. He met a dairymaid attending some cattle in an adjacent field, and entered into conversation with her, as he did with all parties with whom he came in contact, in expectation of eliciting something relative to the subject of his search. The unsuspecting maid let fall some expression that arrested the Captain's attention as being something important, or might lead to it. He asked her if she had ever seen a man-of-war, and in the blandest terms, induced her to go on board the ship, to inspect all that could there be seen. The maid was treated with very much kindness, and was flattered by several nice presents. Captain Ferguson spoke Gaelic, and the young woman thought him the nicest and kindest gentleman she had ever seen. All the country news were asked, and every thing relative to her master,—his name, his occupation, his family,—the name of the place, and such like familiar matters were freely discussed. The poor girl, ignorant of who her entertainer was, told him, with an air of pride, that she had seen Prince Charles, that he was a night at her master's house, and that his appearance pleased her much, but that he did not appear to her to be so kind as he himself was. She stated farther, that the Prince's shoes were all torn, and that he wore a *cota-clo*, that is a kelt coat, that belonged to Mr Allan, her master's son. This was all that Ferguson wanted, and by means of this imprudent disclosure, the Government officials obtained the first direct proof of the Prince's motions, and of the manner in which Kingsburgh had acted.

On the day that the Prince left Kingsburgh House for Portree, the old gentleman, apprehending danger, crossed the hill to the east side of the Island, but his pursuers soon discovered him at a place called *Lealt*. Young Allan, however, managed all along to escape the researches of the Government officers, and consequently was never made prisoner, although active as any in the Prince's cause. Flora, on the other hand, with her natural gallantry, made no attempts to conceal herself, although she was well aware that she was diligently sought after. After having parted with

the Royal fugitive at Portree, she went to spend a few days with her mother at Armadale, and then made the best of her way to her brother's residence at Milton, in the Long Island. She had been but a few days there, when she received a summons to appear for examination before Macleod of Talisker, in Skye, a Captain of Militia, to answer to all the grave charges against her. Her friends became much alarmed for her ultimate safety, and earnestly importuned her to disregard the summons, and to secret herself for a season amid the mountain fastnesses of her native Isle, as her Prince had already done. This she peremptorily and indignantly refused to do, and said, with her natural magnanimity of soul, as she had done nothing of which she either repented or felt ashamed, she would appear at any tribunal or before any Government official, and answer whatever charges might be brought against her. Unprotected and alone, she set out for Talisker, and Captain Macleod having satisfied himself by committing to writing the various statements which he had elicited from the gentle culprit before him, with whom he was previously well acquainted, he permitted her to go to visit her mother at Armadale. On her way, she accidentally met with her stepfather returning home from the Long Island, and before evening she was seized by a party of soldiers, who conveyed her a prisoner on board the *Furnace* sloop of war, commanded by Captain Ferguson. General Campbell, who happened to be on board, treated the amiable rebel with great kindness. He allowed her to land at Armadale under an escort of soldiers, to bid farewell to her mother, to replenish her wardrobe, and to procure a servant, a Skye girl, named Kate Macdonald. Meantime her stepfather, the officer of militia who granted passports to Flora, Betty Burke, and the others, to cross from the Long Island to Skye, became afraid that he might be implicated in the plot, deemed it prudent to retire to a place of concealment. Had not this officer granted the requisite passports, the gallant Flora could never have conducted the Prince from Uist to Skye. These passports were the hinge on which the success of the whole adventure turned.

Flora, now a State prisoner of great importance, was conveyed from Skye on board the *Furnace* to Dunstaffnage Castle, in Argyleshire, where she was confined for about ten days, under the charge of Mr Niel Campbell, the Governor of that ancient Castle. Dunstaffnage is a place of note in the early history of our country. It was once a royal residence of the Kings of Scotland. It is situated on a rocky promontory that juts out into Loch Etive, and is one of the most romantic and secluded places that Nature, in all the picturesque beauty of those regions, can present. It is true that the ancient magnificence of the palace had passed away long before the gallant Flora had become an inmate of its walls, for rescuing from captivity and death, the last of the Stuart race—a Prince whose forefathers had long reigned with royal dignity in that sequestered region. Speaking of the many beauties of that locality, a modern writer says that the tourist will be charmed "to see the waters of Loch Etive leaping, thundering, and flashing over the reef, just as they did when Ossian and the warriors of Fingal watched them from the self-same shore."

General Campbell addressed the following note to the Governor :—

Horse Shoe Bay, 1st August 1746.

Dear Sir,—I must desire the favour of you to forward my letters by an express to Inveraray; and if any are left with you, let them be sent by the bearer. I shall stay here with Commodore Smith till Sunday morning. If you can't come, I beg to know if you have any men now in garrison at your house, and how many? Make my compliments to your lady, and tell her that I am obliged to desire the favour of her for some days to receive a very pretty young rebel. Her zeal, and the persuasion of those who ought to have given her better advice, have drawn her into a most unhappy scrape, by assisting the young Pretender to make his escape. I need say nothing further till we meet; only assure you that I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend. and humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I suppose you have heard of Miss Flora Macdonald?—J.C.

To Niel Campbell, Esq., Captain of Dunstaffnage.

About ten days thereafter, General Campbell addressed another brief note to the same Governor, in the following terms:—

Wednesday Evening.

Sir,—You will deliver to the bearer, John Macleod, Miss Macdonald, to be conducted in his wherry. Having no officer to send, it would be very proper you send one of your garrison alongst with her.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

To the Captain of Dunstaffnage.

During our heroine's short stay at this fortress, the Governor's lady and other friends, paid every possible attention to their fair prisoner. All of them felt much interest in her on account of her accomplished manners and humble deportment. Her society was courted and duly appreciated by all the respectable families in the neighbourhood, who had been privately invited to meet with the distinguished state prisoner.

When John Macleod and his wherry arrived, it was late in the evening, but next morning the preparations for departure were made. After an early breakfast, the Governor's lady, with tears in her eyes, handed Flora into the boat. The sails were immediately set, and the frail craft, before a stiff breeze, glided swiftly down Loch Etive towards the Sound of Mull, and soon disappeared.

It is probable that John Macleod and the Dunstaffnage officer conveyed Miss Flora to Glasgow, as some days thereafter our fair captive was put on board the *Bridgewater* in Leith roads, which vessel was commanded by Commodore Smith. During the detention of the *Bridgewater* at this port for nearly three months, the fame of our heroine had spread far and near, and she became the object of much public interest. On board this ship Flora met with Captain O'Neal, and several others of her countrymen who had been arrested like herself, and for the same cause. The Commander and all the inferior officers of the ship vied with each other in offering civility to their interesting prisoner. Although she was not permitted to leave the vessel, yet parties of every rank, clerical and lay, and of all shades of politics, were freely allowed to go on board to visit her. Day after day hundreds of the aristocracy of the metropolis flocked to see the spirited young lady, and many valuable gifts were made to her, as tokens of their esteem. Among these distinguished visitors, the clergymen of Edinburgh and Leith of almost all denominations paid their respects to her. Bishop Forbes was very attentive—as also Lady Mary Cochrane, Lady Bruce, and L. L. Clark. The latter, in her

enthusiasm to do honour to the modest Highland maid, who enabled Prince Charles Edward to elude his foes, was "willing to wipe her shoes." Lady Cochrane asked as a favour to be permitted to stay all night on board, which was granted. Her Ladyship stated that she had made this request that she might be enabled afterwards to say that she had passed a night with Flora. The quiet demeanour of our heroine during the vessel's stay at Leith was admired by all who had seen her. The Episcopal clergyman of the place described Flora, and the scenes on board, in the following terms:—"Some," said he, "that went on board to pay their respects to her used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion, but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands, for she talks English easily, and not at all through the Erse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table, than what she did when in Leith Roads. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life,—her fortitude and good sense—are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

On the 7th November 1746, the *Bridgewater* weighed anchor amid the display of flags, and the cheers of thousands, to carry the fair prisoner and the other rebels to London, to stand their trial on a charge of treason. On reaching the great Metropolis, the Government of the day discovered that so deeply was the sympathy of the nation excited in behalf of the fair heroine, that it would not be prudent to commit her to a common jail; and, further, that it would not conduce to their own popularity to visit a young lady with the stern inflictions of the law,—and more particularly so, as her guilt consisted only in one of the most generous actions of humanity, and an action too, the performance of which exposed her own life to the most imminent danger. After a short confinement in the Tower, along with many others from the Western Isles, who had been engaged in the Prince's cause, she was placed under the custody of some friends who stood responsible to Government for her appearance when demanded. In this mitigated imprisonment Flora remained a State prisoner in London for nearly twelve months, until in 1747 the Act of Indemnity, already alluded to, was passed, which set our heroine free!

During her long imprisonment, if it may be called so, she maintained a cheerful temper, an easy, elegant, and winning address, and appeared most agreeable to all her visitors. A subdued and modest gravity on her part, deepened the interest excited by her simple artless character. When she had received her freedom, she became the guest of Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, where she was visited and loaded with honours by distin-

guished personages of all ranks and classes of the nobility. All admired the dauntless part which she had acted, and her case excited so much interest, that she had the honour of a visit from Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of King George the Third. His Royal Highness put the question to her, how she dared to assist a rebel against his father's throne? She replied, with great simplicity but firmness, that she would have done the same thing for him had she found him in like distress. The Prince was so struck with her artless manner, that he interested himself to procure for her every requisite comfort. Meanwhile, the street in which Lady Primrose lived was, day after day, thronged with the carriages of such as desired to see the deliverer of Prince Charles. Artists waited upon her to procure her portrait, others to award their gifts; and altogether Flora could not comprehend how such a simple act of humanity should produce so much excitement, or confer upon her such unmerited celebrity.

When her liberation was announced, and when made aware that she was freely privileged to return to her native Highlands, she respectfully solicited one important favour, and that was, that her fellow-prisoners from the Western Isles would receive the same liberty as herself. She particularly interested herself in behalf of Old Kingsburgh, who was made a State prisoner in Edinburgh for sheltering the Prince in his house. This hospitable gentleman acted all along, as he thought himself, in a very cautious manner, in reference to the Royal fugitive. He was not personally much inclined to interfere in this dangerous enterprise, but being at the time Sir Alexander Macdonald's Chamberlain, Lady Margaret, who had a warm feeling for the Prince, brought her influence to bear upon Kingsburgh, and did all in her power to induce him to do his best under the trying emergency of the case. Flora, however, succeeded in procuring this gentleman's freedom, as also that of Donald Macleod of Galtrigal, *Calum Mac Iain Mhic Iain*, who went in the capacity of guide to the Prince from the Island of Rasaay to Kilmorie, in Strathaird, and also of Niel Macdonald, her servant, commonly called *Nial Mac Eachain Mhic Sheumais* (Niel the son of Hector, the son of James), who subsequently followed the Prince to France, and was the father of Field-Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's ablest generals. All these, and others, were liberated by means of Flora's solicitations at head-quarters. When matters were fully and successfully arranged, our heroine, together with the faithful *Nial Mac Eachain*, left London in a coach and four for the Scottish Metropolis. During this journey of several days, the exuberance of Niel's spirits could hardly be restrained within proper limits. He was naturally an active, lively, and manly youth, who was possessed of considerable wit, and no small share of poetic genius. He, as well as most of his companions in guilt, never expected to return. On the contrary, they were fully prepared for falling victims, on account of their grievous offences, to the laws of their country. It is said that Old Kingsburgh himself, despairing of ever again seeing his family and home, made a hasty will of all his effects before he was removed from Skye. The gallant Flora herself was of all others the most hopeful that no injury would befal her, and that her personal safety stood in no danger. She reasoned in this way, that she had done nothing wrong, and that all her

actions in that great tragedy of her life were based, not on political principles, but on the Scriptural law of humanity and kindness. But to return for a little to her servant, *Nial Mac Eachain*, it may be interesting to the Gaelic readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to lay before them a few verses composed by him after his liberation :—

Thugadh, Ochan ! air falbh mi bho Eilean mo ghraidh,
Gu dol suas dh'ionnsuidh Lunnain gu'm chrochadh gu'n dail ;
Air son gu'n d'thug mi furtachd do Thearlach an aigh,
Gus am faidheadh e ann an tearuinteachd 'null thar sail !

Bha Fionghal Nighean Raonuill a' daonan rim' thaobh,
Chum mo stiuireadh le gliocas, 's le misnich ro threin ;
Bha i deas agus dileas a dhionadh an laoich,
Bha gun charaid co dian rith' 'n ait' eile fo'n ghrein !

A nis fhuair sinn ar saorsa o dhaorsa na truaigh,
Chum gu'm pill sinn air 'n ais dh'ionnsuidh Eilein ar breith ;
'S thugadh cliu do'n Oigh mhaisich nach comas a luaidh,
Leis an fhilidh a's ealant' gu seinn as a leth !

Chaidh sinn cuideachd air falbh, 's thain sinn cuideachd air ais,
Ann an carbad ceithir-chuidh'leach 's da chaigeann each,
Is tha aoibhneas, a's gleadhraich, 's ceol fhuaim nach' eil tais,
'A toirt suaimhneis is spionnaidh do'n chridhe aig gach neach !

Thug am Prionnsa an Fhraing air, ach chithear e ris,
Dhruideadh nach as an tir e, ach leanar a cheum ;
'S biodh Nial Mac Eachain Mhic Sheumais a ris fo chis,
Mar grad-ghreas e gu Tearlach, 'na ruith is 'na leum.

Ochan ! Fhionghail Nighinn Raonuill, b' eutrom do cheum,
'Dhol a dh'fhaicinn do Thearlaich air ardach' mar righ,
'Sa chur failt air 'da luchairt, le 'chrun-oir nan seud,
Is e 'riaghladh na rioghachd, le ciuineas 's le sith !

(To be Continued.)

BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH OF BORLUM.

THE reader of history, in studying the progress of great revolutions or the actions of a troublous time, not unfrequently feels a strong desire within him to leave events for a while, and apply himself more particularly to the individuals engaged in them. The feeling is a natural one, for when, by reason of the events being past and over, all ground for the excitement arising from the conflict of hope and fear as to their issue has disappeared, the mind is set at rest as regards results, and mechanically turns to the investigation of causes, which in their turn are generally to be traced to individuals. "The proper study of mankind is man ;" the human mind will always feel a deeper and closer interest in the workings of the minds and in the actions of men, than in the actual changes which they wrought or attempted. Thus it is that we have now-a-days so many biographies and so few histories. From the histories which have been written, we know what general results were effected by certain men, and by what means they were effected ; but in coming to the knowledge of all this, we are naturally imbued with a human, personal interest in the men themselves, and with a desire to know them more intimately than is possible from the mere sketches and outlines of the historian. Who

that has read in histories of Montrose's wars and of the Rising in 1745, has not sought out and read the Lives of Montrose and Prince Charlie, and in so doing has not found himself continually losing sight of the results of the great events in which these played their parts, and concentrating all his interest on the struggles and sufferings of the men themselves?

Again, as in a drama it often happens that our interests and sympathies are awakened on behalf of a character of subordinate importance, the hero of a minor drama going on within and with the main piece, so on the stage of history we are accustomed to see actors, occupying a subordinate place in reference to the main action, whose individual stories by themselves contain elements fully as romantic, exciting, and tragic as that of the general event in which they are performers. Of such minor historical personages we have perhaps only detached glimpses, but these are of a nature to make us desire to have closer and more continuous views.

William Mackintosh of Borlum is one of these minor characters of history of whom the writer has often desired to know more than is recorded in the ordinary accounts of the Rising of 1715. The part which he played on that occasion, in leading a body of troops across a hostile, or at all events a not friendly, country, in marching into England, and in falling with his followers into captivity there, is all that history tells us of him, with the exception of the fact that he escaped from prison on the night before he was to be tried for high treason. In telling us this, history does not trouble herself to enquire concerning his antecedents, but brings him suddenly upon the stage, invested with all the dignity of a historical personage, relates his doings in that character, and finally leaves him outside the Newgate from which he had broken, without letting us know what afterwards became of him. Having done his part in the one scene in which he was a somewhat prominent character, he makes his exit, and history calls him on no more, In the belief that many would be glad to know more of the man who flashes thus like a meteor across the face of our history, and in the hope that these pages may be the means of eliciting further particulars concerning him, I make known the results of my investigations into his career.

The Mackintoshes of Borlum were descended from William, second son of Lachlan Mor, 16th chief of Mackintosh, by his wife, Agnes Mackenzie of Kintail. The feu-right of Borlum was acquired by this William's grandson of the same name, but the lands were in the occupation of the family before his time, as were also the lands of Benchar and Raits (now Belleville), in Badenoch. In the Valuation Roll of the Sheriffdom of Inverness made in 1644, the value of the lands of Borlum, in Dores Parish, is set down as £666 13s 4d Scots, that of Benchar and Raits, in Kingussie Parish, as £500 Scots yearly, considerable sums in those days. The William who acquired the feu-right of Borlum married Mary, daughter of Duncan Baillie, and had five sons, the eldest of whom was William, the subject of this sketch. The youngest was progenitor of the family of Raigmore.

William, son of William of Borlum and Mary Baillie, was born about the year 1662, and at the age of ten years was entered at King's College, Aberdeen, together with his next brother, Lachlan, and Angus, son of

Mackintosh of Killachie *(Fasti Aberdon.* p. 491). Here he remained until he reached his fifteenth year. In the Degree Lists of 7th July 1677, we find him occupying the first place; "*lauream magisterialem adepti sunt juvenes quorum sequuntur nomina—Mr Gulielmus M'Intosh de Borlum, &c., &c.*" *(Fasti,* p. 528). After this we have no particular record of him for a period of some thirty-five years, until shortly before the '15; but there is reason to believe that after leaving Aberdeen he lived for some time in England. He himself, in a work presently to be noticed, speaks of his having been acquainted with, and often in the society of, the great and good Sir Robert Boyle, who died in 1691. As Sir Robert lived much at Oxford, and as William married into an Oxfordshire family, it is not unlikely that he was at Oxford University for the purpose of completing his education. In England he married an English lady, Mary Reade, one of the family of Edward Reade of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, the representative of one of the old county families. By this lady he had two sons, Lachlan and Shaw—the latter of whom afterwards sold the feu-right of Borlum to his cousin—and three daughters, the eldest of whom married Mackenzie of Fairburn. After some years in England, he appears to have been employed in the French military service, in which he is said to have attained distinction, but the record of this part of his career is unfortunately at present wanting. It is not unlikely, however, looking to his consistent and active sympathies with the fortunes of the Stuarts in after life, that his leaving England and taking service under the flag of her rival were contemporary with, and in consequence of, the Revolution of 1688, which drove the Stuart dynasty from the throne.

He probably returned home before the close of the century, for in 1698 he is named (as William Mackintosh, younger of Borlum) in a commission of fire and sword, granted by the Privy Council to the Chief of Mackintosh against the Macdonalds of Keppoch *(Reg. Secr. Concil.-Acta,* 22 Feb. 1698); and in an Act of Parliament in 1704, he is similarly named a Commissioner of Supply for Inverness-shire. At this time he resided at Raits, where he set the example of planting. The Statistical Account mentions a fine row of elms which he planted along the old military road near the present Belleville House.

When next we hear of him, he is one of the band of agents employed by the exiled Chevalier de St George (James VIII) to communicate with the Highland chiefs, and to encourage and spread the principles of Jacobitism among his countrymen. In a letter preserved among the papers of the Duke of Montrose, dated 24th September 1714, it is stated that "Mr William Mackintosh of Borlum, who has come in March from Bar-le-Duc (the residence of the exiled King in France), is traversing the country from west to east, and has prevailed on the laird of Mackintosh to join the Pretender's cause"; also that the laird of Mackintosh had held a meeting of his kinsmen at the head of Strathnairn on the 11th April, after which arms had been diligently provided by the tenantry.

On the 6th September 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard of James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland at Castleton of Braemar, and on the 13th, the Chief of Mackintosh, supported and encouraged by his kinsman William, younger of Borlum, "conveened his

men at Farr, as was given out to review them; but in the evening he marched streight into Inverness, where he came by sun-rising with colours displayed; and after he had made himself master of what arms and ammunition he could find, and some little money that belonged to the publick, proceeded to proclaim the Pretender king" (*Lord Lovat's Account of the Taking of Inverness*, given at the end of Patten's *History of the Rebellion*, Edit. 1717). The proclamation at Inverness is usually, though erroneously, ascribed to Borlum younger. Mr Burton (*Hist. Scot.*, vol. viii., p. 263) says that he was deputed to perform the act; but although this may have been the case, he wisely allowed his chief, whose influence was more extended and attractive than his own in the neighbourhood, to take the lead in matters where such influence might be serviceable to the cause, while he himself undertook the not less honourable duty of managing such affairs as required actual work. He was in fact the moving spirit and real leader of the Mackintoshes and their allies on the occasion, a position to which his experience justly entitled him. He made a temporarily important move by seizing and garrisoning the Castle of Inverness, thus to some extent cutting off the Munros and other northern clans favourable to the Government. He also intercepted the post by which a commission as Commandant of Inverness was forwarded to Munro of Fowlis.

William was at this time about fifty-two years of age, and his father being still alive, not dying until the following year, he was properly Mackintosh *younger* of Borlum. He is so styled in the summons issued to him under the Act of 30th August 1715 "for encouraging loyalty in Scotland," as well as in other documents in 1715.

The Chief of Mackintosh, with his kinsman of Borlum and about seven hundred well-armed men, joined the Earl of Mar at Perth on the 5th October. This force was formed into a battalion of thirteen companies, of which the Chief received the command as colonel, John Farquharson of Invercauld, who had accompanied him with two hundred men, being made lieutenant-colonel. Besides William, three other sons of old Borlum were in the Rising, John, the third, being major, and Lachlan and Duncan, second and fourth, being captains in Mackintosh's regiment. Of the thirty-two officers of the regiment in Patten's list, twenty-seven bore names belonging to Clan Chattan.

We not uncommonly find mention of the "battalion of Brigadier Mackintosh." This is incorrect, the Brigadier having nothing to do with the battalion, except as having command of the entire force of which it formed a part in the expedition in the south of Scotland and in England. Thus Patten (p. 57), "The sixth regiment was called Macintosh's Battalion, a relation of the Brigadier's who is chief of that clan."

The great event of this unfortunate Rising was the campaign in the south of Scotland and in England, and in this the Mackintosh regiment took a prominent part. With the view of encouraging the Jacobites in England and on the Borders, Mar conceived the idea of despatching a force across the Firth of Forth to their assistance, he himself remaining at Perth with his main body until the clans which still held aloof should yield to his persuasions to join him. A more politic and soldierlike course

would, no doubt, have been to move his whole force against the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling, and who must in that case either have retired before him or have been beaten. Either result would have opened a way to the south, and at the same time would have brought the undecided chiefs flocking to the Jacobite standard. But it was not without reason that an aged chieftain at Sheriffmuir gave vent to the exclamation, "Oh! for one hour of Dundee!" Mar was no leader of men; and with such an army as his, the great Viscount would in all human probability have placed his master on the throne of Britain.

The detachment sent across the Firth of Forth comprised six regiments —Lord Strathmore's, Lord Mar's (composed of his own vassals, and some of the Farquharsons under Inverey), Logie Drummond's, Lord Nairne's, Lord Charles Murray's, and Mackintosh's—about 2500 men, and, except Strathmore's regiment, all Highlanders. The chief command was given to our hero, William Mackintosh younger of Borlum, as Brigadier; but whether he had assigned to him any precise orders, or any detailed plan of operations, does not appear. The nights of the 11th and 12th October were chosen for the passage of the Firth. All the boats that could be found along the coast had been pressed into the service, and kept in readiness at Pittenweem, Crail, and other places near. From these places the whole of the 2500 men set out accordingly at the appointed times on their perilous voyage of some eighteen or twenty miles, in crowded open boats, and with the unpleasant knowledge that some hostile men of-war were cruising near. One boat-load of forty men was captured, others were compelled to put back to the Fife coast, and the whole of the Strathmore regiment was forced into the Island of May. Only about 1500 men, including the whole of Mackintosh's Regiment, achieved the passage.

Collecting his scattered forces at Haddington and Tranent, the Brigadier marched direct on Edinburgh. In a letter of the 21st October to Lord Kenmure, Mar terms this march "an unlucky mistake"; and certainly no advantage came from it, though at the same time it involved no loss or apparent disadvantage. It is probable that the Brigadier had heard from friends in Edinburgh that he had a chance of seizing the capital, an acquisition which would have given vast *eclat* to his army and the cause, and at the same time would have supplied him with arms and money. But Lockhart of Carnwath and other leading Jacobites in the city were ignorant of the expedition, and the authorities, on hearing of the landing of the Highlanders, had at once lodged Lockhart himself in the Castle, and sent to Stirling for aid from the Duke of Argyle. On seeing the position of affairs, the Brigadier turned his back on the capital, and took possession of Leith, where he entrenched himself in a fort originally built by Cromwell. On the 14th October, Argyle appeared before the fort with some dragoons and militia, but only to receive a resolute defiance from its occupants, and to see that he must postpone an assault until he could obtain cannon. The Brigadier did not wait for this, however; he had no object in remaining near Edinburgh, and the same night he moved his force to Seaton House, the residence of Lord Wintoun. Here, on the 18th, he received orders from Mar to march towards England and form a junction with the forces of Lord Kenmure and Mr Forster.

On Wednesday the 19th, the detachment left Seaton House on their march to Kelso, at which place they were received on the 22nd by the Scots and English forces. Patten (p. 38) thus describes their entry:—"The Highlanders came into the town with their bagpipes playing, led by old Macintosh; but they made a very indifferent figure, for the rain and their long marches had extremely fatigued them, though their old Brigadier, who marched at the head of them, appeared very well."

It is not necessary here to follow the Jacobite forces step by step on their fatal march into England; this can be done by the reader with the help of the ordinary histories of the Rising. The responsibility of this disastrous movement rests with Mr Forster and the English Jacobites; it was for some time strongly opposed by the Scots leaders, and only finally assented to by them on the assurance of their English allies that a general rising would take place in Lancashire on their arrival there, and that 20,000 men would immediately join them. No one was at first more averse to the movement than Brigadier Mackintosh, who strongly favoured the proposal to join the western clans under General Gordon, a step which, if taken, would doubtless have secured Scotland to the Jacobite army. It is said that when at last his reluctant consent was given to the proposed march into England, some of the Highlanders mutinied, and refused to go; on which the English horse, finding expostulation useless, threatened to surround them and compel them to march. But the Brigadier informed them "that he would not allow his men to be so treated; and the Highlanders themselves, despising the threat, gave them to understand that they would resist the attempt" (*Annals of the 2d year of George I.*, p. 128).

The movement southward once decided upon, the Brigadier went into it heart and soul, and used all his influence to prevail on the rest of the Highlanders to follow his example. A Merse officer, whose journal is quoted by Mr Burton (vol. viii., p. 301), relates a characteristic anecdote of him. Orders having been given for the march, "the Highlanders refused obedience. Their leader, Mackintosh, who had no prejudice against active service wherever it could be obtained, endeavoured, with all his eloquence and authority, to prevent their desertion; and by one who was sent from the army to know their final determination, he was found standing in the middle of the river Esk, endeavouring to stop them in their attempts to march northwards, and heard emphatically cursing the obstinacy of the mountaineers, and exclaiming with true professional zest, 'Why the devil not go into England, where there is both meat, men, and money? Those who are deserting us are but the rascality of my men.'" On the same authority, Mr Burton gives another anecdote, equally characteristic. During the debates which took place previous to the march into England, "Mackintosh, who was a practical man, and had seen abundance of savage fighting, became disgusted with all these councils and cross-marches. He heard that there was an enemy near (this was General Carpenter), and called on them to stop their consultations and fight him off-hand—a proposal which only made his more deliberate allies say that he saw nothing before him but starving or hanging."

(To be Continued.)

SEVEN SONNETS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SCENERY OF LOCH-AWE, ARGYLESHIRE.

By Evan MacColl.

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I.

LOCH-AWE—SEEN FROM CROIS-AN-T-SLEUCHDAIDH.*

No time or tide can dim a genuine joy:
In thought I wander to that far-off day
When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,
And from me forced Loch-Awe a sudden cry
Of ecstacy, as proudly to mine eye
It spread its glories. O! but now to be
Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see,
The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently.
Here kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky—
There, toward Ben-dòran's head above the cloud—
While on the lake's calm breast lay lovingly
Islets of which Elysium might be proud.
When fades that landscape from my memory,
Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

II.

THE PASS OF THE BRAAR.

See where the Awe sweeps with resistless force
Through yonder pass where once, in days of old,
Lorn's haughty chief would thwart his monarch's course,
And traitor dirks struck well for English gold.
It is enough to make one's blood run cold
To think what Scotland would have lost that day,
If, when through yonder gorge war's tide was roll'd,
And chief met chief in battle's stern array,
The Bruce's sword cleared not a ready way
Resistless through the thickest of the foe,
Leaving Macdougall baffled of his prey.
How few the pilgrims wandering by the flow
Of Bràar impetuous think, as there they stray,
How classic is the ground o'er which they go!

* *Crois-a-t-sleuchdaidh* (a term suggestive of Catholic times) is the name of that moorland ridge where the road from Inverarary to Dalmaly reaches its highest elevation, and from which the tourist, travelling northward, obtains his first view of Loch-Awe—its bosom adorned with a number of islands of great beauty. Chief among those more immediately in view are *Innisfail*, famed for its sepulchral crosses; *Ianis-Druidhnich*, with its Druidical circle, and *Fraoch Eilean*, no less distinguished by its stern, old, dilapidated keep, telling its own tale of times of feud and foray.

III.

INNIS-DRUIDHNICH; OR, THE DRUID'S ISLE.

Fair Innis-drui'nich ! though, in this our age,
Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,
Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage
To him who would in thought the Past explore.
By nature sole instructed, here, of yore,
The Druid taught his votaries to see
In day's bright orb the great creative power
To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee
Beneath the branches of some old oak tree
Towering above yon circle of grey stones :
Grateful to God that better light have we,
Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,
And own, whate'er his faults, he judged well,
In choosing in this paradise to dwell.

IV.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

Lo ! yonder veteran pile by Urchay's flow—
Kilchurn ! proud home of many a warlike chief,
Seem'st thou there brooding o'er the long ago,
Like some worn warrior musing, in his grief,
On years that shall return not : Time, the thief,
Has robbed thee of thy ancient pomp and pride—
Leaving thee there, all hopeless of relief,
Nodding to thy own spectre in the tide.
Thy sole friend seems the ivy, spreading wide
Its dark-green mantle round thy aged form ;
The owl loves well within thee to abide,
A lonely tenant, safe from all alarm ;
While through the halls, where Beauty once enjoyed
The minstrel's song, oft howls the midnight storm.

V.

FRAOCH EILEAN.

Fraoch's lonely isle ! if of a hermit life
I were enamoured, 'tis on thee I'd dwell,
Where all around, afar or near, seems rife
With grace and grandeur more than tongue can tell.
Yon time-worn keep would yield a ready cell ;
My drink would be the lake's pure crystal tide,
My rod and gun with fish and fowl would well
An ample feast at any time provide.
If ever nature's face to bard supplied
True inspiration, 'twould, methinks, be here,
Loch-awe in beauty slumbering him beside—
The sound of distant torrents in his ear,
And every feature of the landscape wide
Speaking of God in language loudly-clear.

VI.

GLENORCHY.

Talk not to *me* of Tempe's flowery vale,
With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view !
If of *its* charms he sung, I would right well
Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
What were his boasted groves in scent or hue
To lady-birches and the stately pine,
The crimsoned heather and the harebell blue ?
Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine !
No fawn or dryad here I care to see,
More pleased by far to mark the bounding roe
Sport with his mate behind the forest tree,
And see the rosy lass a-milking go,
Sing some simple native melody,
All hearts enchanting by its graceful flow.

VII.

A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn : the lark is up in heaven's blue,
Flooding the air with melody divine ;
A misty mantle made of morning-dew
Half hides the valley in its silky shine.
The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,
Come to my gladden'd ears from strath and hill ;
The amorous blackbird in yon clump of pine
His feather'd harem rules with happy skill.
Here flows the winding Urchay, sweetly still,
As some fair fancy through a poet's brain ;
There lifts it up its voice with stronger will
In fitful chantings—to yon shepherd swain
A sign of rain, perhaps ere day is o'er—
To *me,* a music glorious evermore !

EVAN MACCOLL.

TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—The return moved for some few months ago by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., has just been issued. It was addressed to 103 Highland School Boards, each of which were requested to say—(1), Whether they were in favour of or against teaching Gaelic in their schools? (2), Whether or not qualified teachers could be obtained? and (3), The number of public schools and the number of children that would take advantage of any special provisions in favour of Gaelic. It appears from the return that 90 replies have been received, 65 of which are *in favour* of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, while only 25 are against it, and 13 are devoid of sufficient courtesy, or a sufficient interest in their important public duties, to send any reply to the Department. In a future number we shall analyze the composition of Boards—those that are against, and those that have shown no interest in the question, when we hope to find, for the credit of our countrymen, that the foreign element is in the ascendant in these cases ; and, if we can show this to be the case, we trust that at the next election a strong effort will be made to oust the objectionable members, and make room for men who will do their duty properly by their countrymen, and the children under their charge, of whom, according to the return, no less than 16,331 would take advantage of Gaelic teaching. We are free to acknowledge that the Boards, on the whole, have done well—far better than we anticipated.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

An attempt was recently made to sell the remaining possessions of the family, but fortunately, for the present, this attempt has been defeated by the interposition of the Marchioness of Tweedale and Mrs Colonel Stanley, daughters of the present nominal possessor of the property. At the time a leading article appeared in the *Edinburgh Daily Review* giving an outline of the family history of the Seaforths. After describing how the fifth Earl, with the fidelity characteristic of his house, "true as the dial to the sun," embraced the losing side in "the Fifteen;" fought at the head of his clan at Sheriffmuir: how in 1719 he, along with the Marquis of Tullibardine, and the Earl Marischal, made a final attempt to bring the "auld Stewarts back again;" how he was dangerously wounded in an encounter with the Government forces at Glenshiel, and compelled to abandon the vain enterprise; how he was carried on board a vessel by his clansmen, conveyed to the Western Isles, and ultimately to France; how he was attainted by Parliament, and his estates forfeited to the Crown; how all the efforts of the Government failed to penetrate into Kintail, or to collect any rent from his faithful Macraes, whom the Seaforths had so often led victorious from many a bloody conflict, from the battle of Largs down to the Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1719; and how the rents of that part of the estates were regularly collected and remitted to their exiled chief in France, with a devotion and faithfulness only to be equalled by their own countrymen when their beloved "bonnie Prince Charlie" was a wanderer, helpless and forlorn, at the mercy of his enemies, and with a reward of £30,000 at the disposal of many a poverty-stricken and starving Highlander, who would not betray his lawful Prince for all the gold in England. The article continues:— But their (the Seaforths) downfall came at last, and the failure of the male line of this great historical family was attended with circumstances as singular as they were painful. Francis, Lord Seaforth, the last Baron of Kintail, was, says Sir Walter Scott, "a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmity." Though deaf from his sixteenth year, and inflicted also with a partial impediment of speech, he was distinguished for his attainments as well as for his intellectual activity. He took a lively interest in all questions of art and science, especially in natural history, and displayed at once his liberality and his love of art by his munificence to Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the youthful straits and struggles of that great artist, and by his patronage of other artists. Before his elevation to the peerage, Lord Seaforth represented Ross-shire in Parliament for a number of years, and was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of the county. During the revolutionary war

with France, he raised a splendid regiment of Ross-shire Highlanders (the 78th, the second which has been raised among his clan), of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, and he ultimately attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army. He held for six years the office of Governor of Barbadoes, and, by his firmness and even-handed justice, he succeeded in putting an end to the practice of slave-killing, which at that time was not unfrequent in the Island, and was deemed by the planters a venial offence, to be punished only by a small fine.

Lord Seaforth was the happy father of three sons and six daughters, all of high promise, and it seemed as if he were destined to raise the illustrious house of which he was the head, to a height of honour and power greater than it had ever yet attained. But the closing years of this nobleman were darkened by calamities of the severest kind. The mismanagement of his estates in the West Indies involved him in inextricable embarrassments, and compelled him to dispose of a part of his Kintail estates—"the gift-land" of the family, as it was termed—a step which his tenantry and clansmen in vain endeavoured to avert, by offering to buy in the land for him, that it might not pass from the family. He had previously been bereaved of two of his sons, and about the time that Kintail was sold, his only remaining son, a young man of talent and eloquence, the representative in Parliament of his native county, suddenly died. The broken-hearted father lingered on for a few months, his fine intellect enfeebled by paralysis, and yet, as Sir Walter Scott says, "not so entirely obscured but that he perceived his deprivation as in a glass, darkly." Sometimes he was anxious and fretful because he did not see his son; sometimes he expostulated and complained that his boy had been allowed to die without his seeing him; and sometimes, in a less clouded state of intellect, he was sensible of his loss in its full extent. The last *Cabarfeidh* followed his son to the grave in January 1815, and then—

> **Of the line of Fitzgerald remained not a male,**
> **To bear the proud name of the Chiefs of Kintail.**

The most remarkable circumstance connected with this sorrowful tale, is the undoubted fact that, centuries ago, a Seer of the Clan Mackenzie, known as Kenneth Oag *(Odhar)*, predicted that when there should be a deaf and dumb *Cabarfeidh* (Staghead, the Celtic designation of the chief of the clan, taken from the family crest), the "gift-land" of their territory (Kintail) would be sold, and the male line become extinct. This prophecy was well known in the north long before its fulfilment, and was certainly not made after the event. "It connected," says Lockhart, "the fall of the House of Seaforth not only with the appearance of a deaf *Cabarfeidh*, but with the contemporaneous appearance of various different physical misfortunes in several of the other great Highland chiefs, all of which are said to have actually occurred within the memory of the generation that has not yet passed away." The story was firmly believed, not only by Scott, but by Sir Humphrey Davy, who mentions it in one of his journals; and Mr Morritt testifies that he heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons, both alive and in good health.

On the death of his lordship, his estates, with all their burdens and responsibilities, devolved on his eldest daughter, Lady Hood, whose second husband was James Stewart Mackenzie, a member of the Galloway family, and whose son has just been prevented from selling all that remains of the Seaforth estates. "Our friend, Lady Hood," wrote Sir Walter Scott to Mr Morritt, "will now be *Cabarfeidh* herself. She has the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood, but there are few situations in which the cleverest women are so apt to be imposed upon as in the management of landed property, more especially of a Highland estate. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that, when there should be a deaf *Cabarfeidh*, the house was to fall." The writer concludes thus :—"Scott's apprehensions proved only too well founded. One section after another of the estates had to be sold. The remaining portion of Kintail, the sunny braes of Ross, the church lands of Chanonry, the barony of Pluscarden, and the Island of Lewis—a principality itself—were disposed of one after the other, till now nothing remains of the vast estates of this illustrious house except Brahan Castle, and a mere remnant of their ancient patrimony (and that in the hands of trustees), which the non-resident, nominal owner has just been prevented from alienating. *Sic transit*."

Leaving these extraordinary prophecies with the reader, to believe, disbelieve, or explain away on any principle or theory which may satisfy his reason, his credulity, or scepticism, we conclude with the following

LAMENT FOR "THE LAST OF THE SEAFORTHS."

By Sir Walter Scott.

In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose ;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail ?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve ;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell ?
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell !
Of the line of MacKenneth remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou Gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee—the heir of the line of Kintail !

Since the preceding pages were in type, Mr Maclennan supplies the following additional prophecies and explanations :—

The Seer, one day, pointing to the now celebrated Strathpeffer mineral wells, said :—"Unin viting and disagreeable as it now is, with its thick crusted surface and unpleasant smell, the day will came when it will b

under lock and key, and crowds of pleasure and health seekers will be seen thronging its portals, in their eagerness to get a draft of its waters."

Regarding the "land-grasping" Urquharts of Cromarty, *Coinneach* predicted "that, extensive though their possessions now are in the Black Isle, the day will come—and it is close at hand—when they will not own twenty acres in the district." This, like many others of his predictions, literally came to pass, although nothing could then be more unlikely, for, at the time, the Urquharts possessed the estates of Kinbeachie, Braelangwell, Newhall, and Monteagle, and at this moment their only possession in the Black Isle is a small piece of Braelangwell.

On page 60, vol. II., we stated our inability "to suggest the meaning of the first six lines of the second stanza." Mr Maclennan sends the following:—"I have been hearing these lines discussed since I was a boy, and being a native of Rosehaugh, I took a special interest in everything concerning it. The first two lines, I was repeatedly informed, referred to a pious man who lived on the estate of Bennetsfield, opposite Craigiehow. when *Seumas Gorach* (Foolish James), referred to in the third line, was proprietor of Rosehaugh. This godly man, who was contemporary with Foolish James, often warned him of his end, and predicted his fate if he did not mend his ways; and as he thus *cut* his bounds for him, he is supposed to be the 'diminutive lean tailor.' He is still in life. We all knew 'Foolish James.' The fourth line refers to James Maclaren, who lived at Rosehaugh most of the time during which the last two Mackenzies ruled over it, and only died two years ago. He was an odd character, but a very straight-forward man; often rebuked 'Foolish James' for the reckless and fearless manner in which he rode about, and set bounds before the 'foolish' laird, which he was not allowed to pass. Maclaren was, on that account, believed to be the 'measurer' referred to by the Seer. The fifth and sixth lines are supposed to apply to the wife fancied by Mackenzie in a 'dancing saloon,' who was always considered the 'wild colt,' at whose instigation he rode so recklessly and foolishly." We wish these suggested realizations of our prophet's predictions were a little less fanciful.

Referring to the Kilcoy prophecy on page 93, vol, II., our correspondent says:—"The second and last line of the first stanza refer to the following story—Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century a large number of cattle, in the Black Isle, were attacked with a strange malady, which invariably ended in madness and in death. The disease was particularly destructive on the Kilcoy and Redcastle estates, and the proprietors offered a large sum of money as a reward to any who should find a remedy. An old warlock belonging to the Parish agreed to protect the cattle from the ravages of this unknown disease, for the sum offered, if they provided him with a human sacrifice. To this proposal the lairds agreed. A large barn at Parkton was, from its secluded position, selected as a suitable place for the horrid crime; when a poor friendless man, who lived at Linwood, close to the site of the present Free Church manse, was requested, under some pretence, to appear on a certain day. The unsuspecting creature obeyed the summons of his superiors, and he was instantly bound and dirembowelled alive by the horrid wizard, who dried

the heart, liver, kidneys, and pancreas, reduced them to powder, and ordered a little of it to be given to the diseased animals in water. Before the unfortunate victim breathed his last, he ejaculated the following imprecation :—*'Gum b' ann nach tig an latha 'bhitheas teaghlach a Chaisteil Ruaidh gun oinseach, na teaghlach Chulchallaidh gun amadan'* (Let the day never come when the family of Redcastle shall be without a female idiot, or the family of Kilcoy without a fool)." It appears from this, not only that this wild imprecation was to some extent realised, but also that the Brahan Seer, years before, knew and predicted *that it would be made*, and that its prayer would be ultimately granted.

Having placed before the reader all we know, or were able to discover, of the prophecies of the Brahan Seer, it may not be out of place, in conclusion, to say a few words about second-sight and predictions in general, and at the same time give a few well-authenticated instances where men of education and intelligence record cases which occurred within their own knowledge, and, as to which, they had the evidence of their senses of sight and hearing. The most curious, and perhaps the most extensive work on second-sight which ever appeared, is that by "Theophilus Insulanus" (Donald Macleod, of Hammer, in the Isle of Skye), published in 1763, and now very scarce. It will appear remarkable in the present day to find that such a work was professedly written to impress the reader with the certainty of the existence of a Supreme Being and a world of spirits, and to refute the sceptical and materialistic views said to be at the time of its publication rife among the people.

Noticing this work, Dr Armstrong, the author of the Gaelic Dictionary and Gaelic Grammar, says :—"I have seen a work on the second-sight by one who styles himself 'Theophilus Insulanus,' wherein is recorded a great variety of cases where these visions were exactly fulfilled, and in so satisfactory a way, that many of the Highland clergy became believers in the existence of this faculty. Either Dr Beattie must not have been aware of the circumstance, or he threw out a galling sarcasm when he said that none but the most ignorant pretended to be gifted with the second-sight.

"These cases of shadowy prediction will enable the reader to balance the conflicting opinions entertained on the curious subject of the second-sight; the one by Dr Beattie, of Aberdeen, and the other by the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson. The former ascribes this pretended faculty wholly to the influence of physical causes on superstitious and uninstructed minds. He thinks that long tracts of mountainous deserts, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather, narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents, the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country, the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape, by the light of the moon, must diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude; that it is not wonderful if persons of a lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream (even when they think themselves

awake) of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified, of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror; or of marriages, and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity; that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way, and that in them it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep or drowsiness, attended with lively dreams, and arising from bodily disorder, the effects of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. Nor is it extraordinary, he observes, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's-self so, during those fits of dozing, that they should come on suddenly, and while one is engaged in some business. The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a long space, while they are standing, or walking, or riding on horseback, add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep, and a superstitious man may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision. Beattie disbelieves the prophetical nature of the second-sight, and does not think it analogus to the operations of Providence, nor to the course of nature, that the Deity should work a miracle in order to give intimation of the frivolous matters which were commonly predicted by seers; and that those intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Gaelic, or who live among mountains and deserts.

"To these objections it has been powerfully replied by Dr Johnson, that by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has hitherto acquired, and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension, and that there can be no security in the consequence when the premises are not understood; that the second-sight is only wonderful because it is rare, for considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses or visionary representations has prevailed in all ages and nations; that particular instances have been given with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Boyle have been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publish them; that the second-sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power which is nowhere totally unknown; and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony. By pretension to second-sight, no profit was ever sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it, do not boast of it as a privilege, nor are considered by others as advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign, and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture."*

(To be Continued.)

* We may be excused for suggesting that, perhaps, this opinion of the celebrated Dr Johnson is just as valuable, in whatever sense we may view it, as his more famous opinion as to the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian.

PRE-HISTORIC NAMES OF WEAPONS.

In the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, October 1876, is a paper by Mr Hyde Clarke, M.A.I., on Pre-historic Weapons. Of this subject, Mr Hyde Clarke, speaks as follows:—

"The extraordinary way in which weapons are distributed among the ancient and modern races of the world, caused me to suggest the desirability of an inquiry into the relations of the names, and to publish a note on the connection of a name for arrow between India and Africa. No one has yet followed up the subject, for which the materials are scarce, and have to be collected from works not readily accessible."

Mr Hyde Clarke has traced the names of weapons to so many roots, under which he has grouped them. To find names for weapons in widely separated regions of Asia, Africa, and America, traceable to common roots, is truly astonishing. In the following lists, Gaelic names of weapons, evidently derived from the same roots, are compared with the names given in Mr Hyde Clarke's paper.

Root, KB—Gabhla, a spear or dart. Arrow: Asia—Gyarung, kipi; Khari Naga, takaba. Mnuor Toung of Burmah, qwai. Africa—Houssa, kebia; Goali, kawi. N. and S. America—Itenes (S.), kiva; Alaska (N.), kio; Cabecar (C.), ukawo; Darien (C.), cheekwa; Bribri (C.), kabut. Knife: Africa—Houssa, takobi; Fulah, kafahi; Wolof, paka; Fulup, gewa. N. and S. America—Skwali (N.), khaw; Watlala, ughkhan; Chinook, khawckhe; Pujuni, kiai. Queensland (Australia)—kuburra. Sword: Africa—Houssa, takobi; Fulah, kafahi; Nufi, chukwo; Anan, akowo; Gobaru, takobahe; Boko, takuwo? Gajaga, kafa. Spear: Africa—Butta, kubi; Filham, kabai; Nki, kebi. S. Australia—kyah. Crow (N. America), kaabe.

Root, BN—Bonnsach, an arrow or dart. Arrow: Asia—Burmese, pen Malay, pana; Javanese, pana; Sanskrit, banah. Africe—Mandingo, benyo; Bambarra, bien; Ashantee, eben; Kanyop, punon. N. America—Mimmi, wepenna. Knife: Asia—Khond, penju; Telugu, banamu. Africa—Kiriman, mbene. Sword: Africa—Kra, pano; Polynesia (bow), panna. Spear: Africa—Mandingo, benyo; Curma, gbani.

Root, KN—Cnarr, a spear; Coigne, a spear; Gen, a sword. Arrow: Asia—Tharu, kando; Madi, kani. Africa—Fanti, egandna; Tene, &c., kuni. Australia—kinnee, koön. Axe: Asia—Tamil, kanei; Chinese, chien; Tibet, chen. Africa—Bornu, kaniri; Fulup, &c., kuneb; Gbandi, kuno, kona. Sword: Africa—Ekamtulufu, nekono, ekon. S. America—Cvrib, kengye. Spear: Africa—Mose, kande; Wun, kanyake. Knife: N. America—Cayuga, kainana.

Root, KL—Cail, a spear; Cailc, a shield; Colg, a sword; Gaillian, a dart; Welsh Cyllell, a knife. Spear: Africa—Jelana, kala; Mandingo (bow), kallo; Muntu (knife), mukalu. Australia—Victoria (boomerang), kallum kallum.

Root, SK—Sgian, a knife. Knife: Asia—Arab, sakin. Africa—Houssa, aska. C. America—Tiribi, sogro. Axe: Africa—Ashanti, sukare. N. America—Blackfoot, koksakin.

Ardbeg Islay Aug. 27th 1877

Sir

Many thanks for the Revue Celtique some parts of which I have read already with much pleasure

I send herewith the 'Celtic Magazine' containing an article of mine on 'Prehistoric Gaelic names of weapons'

The Review of Professor Blackie's Book in the Celtic Magazine is so disfigured with misprints that the writer of it may well exclaim with Glotspur "Look! I am strung with pismires!" pronounced becomes pronounced; Erin, Erin; B'long, Blong; Neul, neul; nibh, neh; subordinate, insubordinate &c

I am Sir
Yours Sincerely
Hector Maclean

Root, KS—Ceis, a lance or spear. Arrow: Europe—Basque, geuezi.). America—Brunka, tunkasa. Spear: Africa—Opanda, kasa; Tene sword), kese; Mbarike (axe), gesum.

Root, BR—Beara, a spear; Brod et Braid, a goad-prick, a sting, &c.; Brodainn, a spear; Welsh Bêr, lance, pike, spit. Arrow: Asia—India, ara. Africa—Basa, puro. S. America—Carib, parau. Spear: Asia—Laos, lempur. Africa—Landoro, mboro, gbara; Musu, pere; Pulo, baboro; Legba, agbare. Axe: Africa—Fulah, gembiri; Baga, abera; Kisikisi, berai; Ebo (sword), baruke; Gbandi (knife), mbura; Toma, &c. (knife), boro, bora. C. America—Cabecar, taberi. S. America—Moxos (bow), parami; Itenes (bow), pari.

Root, DR—Tradh, a lance; Treagh, a spear; Tuiriosg, a saw; Tuirisce, a file; Tora, an augre. Arrow: Asia—Dhimal, tir; Gondi, tir. Africa—Ashantee, adere; Anfue, aturo. Spear: Australia, darah. Knife: Africa—Mandingo, terang; Murundo, direndi. Sword: Africa—Soso, deremai; Landoro, daruma. Axe: Africa—Biafada, dira; Yula, doro. Australia—Victoria, tharinga, thurang; Queensland, durree.

Root, KR—Carr, a spear; Caoirle, a club; Corc, a knife; Garnadh, a spear; Greillean, a dagger; Welsh Cêr, tools. Arrow: Asia—Dhimal, Africa—Fulah, kurral; Pulo, &c., kure. S. America—Carib, werakure; khar. Moxos, chere. Australia (throwing-stick), korree (axe), korrie. Spear: Africa—Jelanas, kar; Krebo, gheradr; Tene, geresos; Egba, &c., ogokure. C. America—Bribri, kiru. Sword: Africa—Wolof, karre; Anfue, kerante. Knife: Ebo, ogari; Biafada, kerani; Ekamtulufu, ekore.

Root, KT—Gath, a spear, dart, or sting; Goithne, a lance. Arrow: Asia—Tharu, khando; Chenstu, kandu. Africa—Filham, katan; Fanti, egandua; Bini, &c. (sword), agada. Australia—Victoria (boomerang), katum-katum. C. America—Honduras (axe), keedak.

Root, BL—Biail, an axe; Welsh, Bwywell. Arrow: Asia—Naga, pela; Garo, bala. Africa—Nki, bole; Kisi, belendor. S. America—Carib, pulewo. Knife: Asia—Siam, pla. Africa—Kabenda, bele. Sword: Asia—Niksbar, bol. Africa—Houssa, yambol. Spear: Coptic, gebel; Mampo, bal. S. Australia (throwing-stick), nyarimbal.

Root, MR—Muireann, a spear. Arrow: Asia—Gondi, murre; Kolami, murre; Burman, mra. Africa—Meto, muro; Bola, omeri; Kandin, amur; Legba, nyimere. Knife: Bambarra, muri; Mandingo, &c., muru, muro, mere. Spear: Coptic, mereh, merh. Australia—Queensland, mura. Sword: Africa—Nala, moreh.

Root, MN—Meanadh, meanaidh, an awl; Welsh Minawyd. Knife: Africa—Bayon, menye; Okam, imana. N. America—Yankton, meena; Alaska, mina; Omaha (spear), mandehi. Sword: Africa—Momenya, menyi.

Root, DL—Duillean, a spear. Arrow: Asia—Naga, tel. Axe: Africa—Vei, tiele. Australia—Victoria, toola. Dart: Africa—Houssa, gatali. Spear: Australia—N. S. Wales, tulu.

With regard to the geographical distribution of cognate names of metals, and the results of his own researches in this scientific field, Mr Hyde Clarke observes:—

"Further investigation will give us a mass of information, and enable us to throw more light on the comparative chronology of weapons. It

becomes possible to ascertain what names are ancient by the study of their distribution. When we find allied names in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Americas, we know this distribution must have taken place at a most remote and early epoch. Thus distribution in space become a measure of time, because ages are required to produce such results."

Mr Hyde Clarke has ascertained that the names for stone, axe, and knife, are either identical or cognate in many African languages, which he considers a strong linguistic testimony in support of the opinion that Africa has passed through a stone age, although stone weapons are rare on that continent.

In some of the languages of India, the name for arrow and bone are closely allied. In four African languages—Bambarra, Mandingo, Ashantee, and Yarriba—the names for arrow are respectively bien, binni, eben, owo; and for horn the same, viz., bien, binni, eben, owo. The first three of the names for horn would seem to be cognate with the Gaelic *beann* (horn), and *bonnsach* (arrow), is apparently derived from *beann* (horn), and *sath* (to thrust).

On the relations between the names of weapons and stone in primitive language, Mr Hyde Clarke make the succeeding highly interresting remarks :—

"In the Mandingo dialects, the word for stone being kurn, it is differentiated for knife, as muro.

"What is understood as Grimms' Law does not necessarily imply vocal degeneracy, as is supposed, because the permutations of the sounds or letters was in pre-historic times used for differentiation (see Tylor, and my 'Pre-historic Comparative Philology'). It is possible, and even probable, that as different meanings were differentiated, so the differential words were distributed among tribes, and have been propagated without any reference to Grimms' Law.

"In Songo, the word for stone is bitamba, and that for axe, simpu; a differentiation, but the word for hoe is bitamba. The cause of this relationship between the naming of stone and of tools and weapons is not to be sought for. In our times stone has rather a relation to building, but not so with people who lived in caves and trees. The flint and obsidian chiefly attracted their attention for knives, axes, hatchets, swords, spears, arrows, hoes, and other cutting purposes. Thus the name of stone for other uses was merely secondary, while the widespread use of stone weapons affected the early stage of language.

"As a comment on the use of the word stone for weapons and tools, and as a contrast, the word for boat is obtained in Africa from calabash, oa from tree. In Africa a boat is got up from two calabashes. The dug-out being less used, tree is a less common equivalent for boat. The Indian names, including the Sanskrit, conform to the African.

"One point of interest in connection with this relationship is its bearing on the questions of a stone age, and on that age at an early epoch. The philological evidence obtained from the infancy of language is to the effect that the words relate to a period in which stone, wood, bone, and teeth, were used as tools and weapons, and in precedence of the discovery and application of metals. Another matter of archæological bearing, as

Colonel Lane Fox has pointed out, is that it is an indicator of facts, where we have not got material evidence. Thus, as he says, African stone weapons are rare, while the linguistic testimony is strong as to a stone age, and, indeed, we cannot doubt that Africa must have passed through such an epoch."

The Gaelic names of weapons wonderfully bear out the views expressed in this passage.

Gnarr (a spear) may be derived from *cnaimh* (bone). *Cail* (spear) and *cailc* (shield) are probably cognate with *clach* (stone). *Gaillian* (dart) would appear to come from *gall* (rock), and *cyllell*, the Welsh name for knife, is, there is much reason to believe, allied to *cellt*, the Welsh name for flint. There is seemingly a near relationship between *carr* (spear), *carraig* (rock), *carragh* (a large stone set on end), and *carrach* (rocky). *Cruaidh* (steel) is evidently cognate with *cruad* (stone). *Tuagh* (axe), *tuca* (rapier), and the Welsh *twca* (knife), may be reasonably supposed to claim kinship with *tuc*, *tecc* (bone). *Ruibh* (brimstone) would seem to be the etymon of *ruibhne* (lance). *Laighean*, *laighne* (spear), *luibhne* (dart), and *luibhne* (shield), in all likelihood may claim kin with *liag* (a large stone) and *leac* (a flat stone).

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay.

AN ECHO OF CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.

In dealing with this subject, there is no pretension to any extensive acquaintance with it—indeed, it is a topic which one should almost shrink from handling altogether. Seeing the great intellects, especially among those profound and all absorbing Germans, who have so elaborately demonstrated its immense range and puzzling difficulties, I shall, for my part, merely glance at a few characteristic points of the subject, involving a degree of interest brought home to the humblest capacity.

A glance through the pages of the comprehensive work of Dr Nicholas, "The Pedigree of the English Language," suffices to awaken the deepest interest in the inquiry, and it is to be regretted that so few can devote the time and study requisite for its completion—considering the great importance of the knowledge of Etymology, upon which an adequate knowledge of our language so intimately depends; and here I may observe that the words of our language differ in import in our conception of their meaning, just in proportion to our knowledge of their etymological origin and signification.

Most assuredly the man of cultivated knowledge who in uttering every word in the language, is familiar with its derivation—knows its history and its changes in form and meaning through the lapse of time—must enjoy, so to speak, the "pleasures of speech" in a far greater degree than the mass of human speakers, who know nothing more of the words they use than they find in our ordinary dictionaries. One man speaks from

and with the *mind*, like a god; the other only with the tongue, if not merely like the parrot, at any rate only as one scarcely knowing what he says.

A few common instances will suffice, in this short notice, to show the pleasure derivable from the knowledge of etymology only in connection with the Celtic elements of our language, besides the other sources.

There is the household word *bacon*, which we all have uttered with a smack of delight some time or other. Now that word is true Welsh and Irish, in the former *bacwn*, in the latter *bogun*; but it is only in the German that we find the true origin of the word, directly fixing its meaning, namely, the German *bache*, signifying a wild sow—in plain words, a hog.

We frequently use the strange word *balderdash*; if we were asked the meaning of it, when we apply it to something trumpery in discourse, some of us might be naturally puzzled to know where the word came from; and yet, when we know its origin, we not only see that it is a proper word in every way, but most expressive of the meaning attached to it. *Balderdash* is pure Welsh—namely, *baldorddus*, that is, "babbling" like that of infants.

Crockery is another common word. It is from the Welsh *crochan*, and the Gaelic *croc*, a hollow vessel or pot. I remember, when a boy, of a courting event that happened in my father's house (Moy, in Lochaber), that reminds me that the word *croc* is well-known in Lochaber. One of our dairymaids fell in love with the shepherd; when breakfast was called, the love-sick maiden, entering the kitchen, would say, "*Tha bainne chibeir sa chroc bhan*" (the shepherd's milk is in the white vessel or *croc*); which eventually was discovered to contain the primest cream of the dairy, carefully put aside as a delicacy for her beloved sweetheart, the young shepherd. The tailor of the valley, having heard the story, immortalized the affair in a song, known in Lochaber, "*Croc Bhan a' Chibeir.*"

Dainty is a pretty word. We all remember the nursery rhyme, "the dainty dish put before a king." Well, the derivation is true to the letter, it is the Welsh *dantaith*, meaning a feast, but derived from *daiot*—a tooth—obviously assimilating the word to that other nice vocable of ours, *toothsome*, applied to sundry nice dishes, or duly appreciated flesh pots.

The nursery term, *doll*, is the same as the Welsh *dull*, meaning *form*, *image*—that is, image of a human being in little—the microcosmic biped.

Hiccup is rather a queer word to introduce—very expressive of the thing itself, and so is its etymology. It is from the Welsh *hic*, meaning *hitch*, or *snap*, together with the word *cough*, which is commonly retained in the spelling of the word, so that *hiccough* means a *hitch cough*, or a *snap cough*.

Maggot is not the nicest of words, yet it is also true to its origin. It comes from the Welsh *magri*, to breed or nourish; or the Cornish *maga*, to feed.

Whilst it is natural that we should find the greatest influence of the

Welsh language—that of the ancient Britons—exerted upon the southern vernacular, and that of the Gaelic upon the northern, nevertheless some of the primitive or home words of both are identical, but, indeed, this is true with regard to almost all the languages derived from that of the primitive Aryans and the Sanskrit. We have—

English.	Gaelic.	Irish.
Tongue	Teanga	Teanga
One	Aon	Aon
Two	Dha	Do
Three	Tri	Tri
Eight	Ochd	Ochd
Nine	Naoidh	Naoi
Brother	Brathair	Brathir
Mother	Mathair	Mathir
Child	Paisde	Pauste

Thus the similarity between the Gaelic and the Irish is very striking, indeed they may be taken as having been originally from the same stock —that of the ancient Gauls of France, who warred so fiercely with Julius Cæsar, and transmitted their chivalry, courage, pluck, and enterprise to their brave descendants of benighted Erin, and enlightened Caledonia.

With regard to the class of words bearing a similarity, I may remark that there are two remarkable differences, showing the source of their adoption. For instance, there are the two homely words *sister* and *son*. The English language has derived them from the Saxon, Scandinavian, or Teutonic—namely, *schwester* and *sohn*; whilst the Celtic everlastingly sounds with patromymic force in the Gaelic *Mac*, designating the sons of the Scottish Highland clans in their immemorial traditional integrity.

Thus numerous Celtic words are found in the living dialects of England, as Dr Nicholas observes, in the "Nooks and Corners," aye, and over wide plains of country are tens of thousands of people whose scanty vocabulary contains hundreds of vocables which the columns of no dictionary have ever contained, and among these are numerous remains, pure and genuine as chips of diamonds, of the ancient Celtic tongue. Admirable is the unconscious fidelity of these sons of toil in handing down from father to son these precious memorials of the past.

Indeed, it may be said that the Celtic words now found in the standard English and its dialects form a vital portion of the people's speech. They entwine themselves around the most cherished customs, and are the familiars of our most sacred associations. They have the air of belonging as much to the soil as the peasantry which loves to articulate them, or even the oak of the forest. Surely they are not there as sole memorials of their first owners; they are but audible companions of the now undistinguishable Celtic blood, which throbs in the veins of those who have them on their tongues, Ah! in truth, the words of a language are undying—everlasting; these monuments of the past infinitely more enduring than monuments of brass or stone, and infinitely more truth-telling and more significant of a nation's origin, history, struggles, glory, and advancement, throughout all time.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

Tha mi coma nise, arsa Coinneach, ge da dh' innsean duibh, mas a maith leibh sgeulachd,

FREICEADAN A CHOIRE-DHUIBH.

Bha uair-eigin ann an Lochaber, fear dha'm b'ainm, Domhnull Mac-Dhomhnuill Duibh,—duine crosda, agus taghadh a mheirlich, agus bha brathair aige, ris an canadh iad Iain Geal Donn, agus cha robh meirleach feola ann an Alba a b'fhearr na e ach an dara mac do Mhac Dhomhnuill Duibh. Chuir Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh fios gu tighearna Ghearrloch—am fear sin diubh ris an can sinn ann a sganna chainnt ur n-aithrichean "Alastair Breac"—gun tugadh Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh creach naithe, agus neor-thaing dha. Se sin do bhrigh 's gun do dh'fhairtlich air a toir uaithe roimhe. 'S ann a chuir Alastair Breac an sin fios air duine cho treun 's air an cual e iomradh anns na tri Siorrachdan, agus be sin am fear ris an abradh iad, Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ann a Strath-Oicill, talamh 'bha na luidhe eadar Cat-thaobh agus Ros, gu bhi na cheannard Freiceadain aige, mun tugadh na h-Abraich a spreidh bho chuid tuatha, cuide ris na tharadh e fhein a dheanamh chobhair ris. Se sin do bhrigh 's gun robh spagairean do dhaoine neo-umhailleach aige fhein ann an Gearrloch a dheanadh cobhair ri Alastair. Smuainich Iain Geal Donn a nise, le deichnear dhaoine agus e fein, a dhol gu tuath, cho fad ri aite ris an canair, gus an latha 'n diugh, an Amailt; agus mar tha 'n sgeulachd ag innse, thog na meirlich Abrach, as a sin, aon mhart diag agus tarbh; agus choisich iad leis a chreich troimh mhonaidhnean Rois, agus choisich iad troimh aite, ris an canair, gus an latha 'n duigh, Stra-bhathaich; agus chaidh iad a steach air Stra-chonnan, a cumail air an aghart, ach an d'thainig iad agus gun do stad iad air an oidhche aig aite ris an can iad gus an latha 'n diugh, a Sgaird-ruadh; agus 's iad fhein a thug an t-ainm air an aite anns an do stad iad, do bhrigh 's gun do chuir iad na bruidean thuige cho mor, 's gur e fuil a bha iad a cur natha dar a stad iad air an oidhche.

Uaithe so a mach rothais Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ceannard freiceadan tighearna Ghearrloch, gun robh a meirleach mor—Iain Geal Donn—air tighinn a steach an tir, le creach a Sior'achd Rois; agus mar a thuit air a chuis a bhidh cho mi-chinnteach, thachair gur e gille Abrach, a bh'aig Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh; ach ghluais e gu socrach an deighe na feadail, agus, an am tuiteam na h-oidhche, bha fios cinnteach aig Alastair, gu stadadh na meirlich aig bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe; agus dar a dhorchnaich an oidhche, char Alastair Buidhe, gu seolta, anns a chromail air aruinn (fhaguisg?) nam meirleach; agus dar a bha iad mar uighe beagan astair dha na bhothan, chuir e'n gunna ri corp a ghille Abrach aige fhein, ag cuir mionnan air gum biodh e cho dileas ris fhein, air neadh gum biodh e marbh air ball. Mhionnaich an t' Abrach gum biodh, agus ghluais iad an sin, le cheile, air ionnsuidh a bhothain; agus chuir Alastair mionnan, a rithist air a ghille Abrach, 's e dha chur gu

dorus a bothain, nach leigeadh e mach duine dheth na bha steach. Dar a rainig iad am bothan, bha na h-Abraich, gu neo-umhailleach, a rosdadh cuibhroinn dheth an tarbh. Thug an gille Abrach an dorus air, agus char Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh gu ceann a bhothain; thog e earball sgrathan, agus thug e suil gu de bha-sa deanamh steach. Bha Iain Geal Donn, gu neo-mhuladach, na sheasaidh, a deanamh garadh chul-chas air fhein ris an teine, Thionndaidh e ris na fir a bha mu'n cuairt do'n teine a rosdadh na feola, agus thubhairt e riu, "Fhearabh, seallaibh a mach, tha mise 'faighinn faladh fudair"; agus mun do thar e 'n ath fhacal a chantainn, bha 'n luaidhe troimh na chaoldruim aige, bho na ghunna aig Alastair Buidhe. Leig e sud thuige, 's thug e 'n dorus air, a chobhair an Abraich. Thainig na fir a bha steach a mach, agus cha do leig na fir a bha muigh duin' as duibh, ach aon fhear a fhuair as le altapadh; ach chuir iad sail na coise dheth an fhear sin fhein. Leau iad e ach an do ghabh iad sgios; ach cha d' rug iad air. Thill iad an sin a dh'ionnsuidh nam marbhan a bh'anns a bhothan agus dh'ith iad na bha feumail doibh do shithinn an tairbh; agus dar a dh'ith, rug iad iar Iain Geal Donn, na mharbhan, agus dh'fhuaigh iad e ann a seiche 'n tairbh agus chur iad an cabar rosdaidh, bh'aig na h-Abraich, tarsuinn na bheul. Dh'fhag iad mar sud e fhein, sa chompanaich, marbh; agus dh'fhalbh Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, an latha na mhaireach, gu tighearna Ghearrloch, agus dh'innis e dha mar a thachair. Chord a sheirbhis, ro mhath, ri Alastair Breac; 's cha luaithe' fhuair e 'n naigheachd, na chuir e gille-ruithe do Bhrathainn, a dh'innse do Mhac-Choinnich, gun deach a leithid a dheanamh, air a leithid so do dhuine. Dar a rainig an sgeula MacChoinnich, mar bha 'n gnothuich iongantach, co thuit air a bhi cuide ris aig a dhiathad, ach gum be Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh. Dar a leugh MacChoinnich litir tighearna Ghearrloch, thilg e null gu MacDhomh'uill Duibh i; agus thubhairt e ris, "Fuil oirbh thall a sin a mheirleachaibh." Mar bhun a chuis gu dosgainneach ri Mac Dhomh'-uill Duibh, cha d'fhuirich e ris an diathad na b'fhaide. Dh'fhalbh e da Lochaber; agus chuir e gillean gu ruige braighe Sthrath-chonnan, gu bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe, agus thug iad Iain Geal Donn leo, gu Corpach Lochabar; 's tha carn-cuimhne air ann an sin gas an latha 'n diugh.

Dar a fhuair MacDhomh'uill Duibh air a dhoigh ann an Lochabar, 's ann a smuanaich e cur gu cruaidh ri tighearna Ghearrloch, agus creach a thoir dheth a chuid fearainn. Dar a chual tighearne Ghearrloch so, thional e beagan (ceithir fichead fear) dheth a chuid daoine, gu cumail nan Abrach air an ais. Bha iad cuide ris fhein fad na h-oidhche ann an seann tigh an Teampuill, mar theirte ris. Dar a thainig a mhaduinn, dh'fhalbh na fir, agus ma dh'fhalbh, gu dearbh bha'm prasgan gle neo-sgeadachail, ach bha iad calma, neo-sgathach. Cha b'fhada gus an d'rainig iad Coire Dubh Liaghaich, mar theireas ris gus an latha 'n diugh, agus mar a bha chuis gun chinnte, bha bothanan-airidh air urlar a Choire, agus cha robh fios aig na Gearrlaich nach robh na h-Abraich nan luidhe anns na bothanan, ri foill folaich. Cha robh fios co a reitheadh a rannsachadh an robh iad unnta gus nach robh; ach thubhairt fear treun, tapaidh, dheth na bha anns a chuideachda, ris an cainte Alastair Ros, dheth an Lonmhor "Theid mise ann." Ged a bha Alastair gle neo-sgeadasach na chruth, cha robh easbhuidh misneachd air. Dar a rainig e 'm bothan, thubhairt e,

an aird a ghuth, "Ma tha thu steach an so, a mhic diolain a choin, bi mach a so"; ach ma thubhairt cha d'fhuair freagar. Mar bha chuis gu math air taobh nan Abrach, cha d'thainig iad air an aghart; agus fhuair na Gearrlaich sgeula gur ann mar so a bha, bho mhuinntir Coire Mhic-cromail, ann an Toireardan, aig an aon am ag iunseadh dha na Gearrlaich, nan d'thainig na h-Abraich, gur iadsa na fir a dheanadh cobhair ri muinntir Ghearrloch. Nuair a chual' iad mar a bha, thill am prasgan neo-sgeadasach, gun phrois, gun ghealtachd, air an ais a Ghearrloch, agus chaith iad an oidhche ann an tigh an Teampuill, aig tighearna Ghearrloch, ag ol, sa ceol, sa 'g aidhir. Dar a bha iad a tighinn dachaidh, troimh cheann Loch-iugh, co thachradh riu ach Ruairidh Breac, Mac Dhonnach-aidh Bhàin, seann bhard a bha anns a Chromasag, ann am Braighe Cheann-Loch-iugh, 's rinn e 'n t-oran a leanas do "Fhreiccadan a Choire Dhuibh":—

TIGH-DIGE NAN GORM-GHLAC.

Oidhche dhomh 's an Tigh-Dhige
Mhearanach, fhuranach, rioghail,
Oidhche dh' onair mo shaoghail,
A chuir mo dhorain air di-chuimhn'.
Fuaim brollaich air piob ann,
Cainnteach, sgoileireach, gniomhach
Coinnleach, solusach, piobach,
Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol,
Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol.

Tigh-Dige nan Gorm-ghlac,
Far am biodh miadh air luchd-falbha,
Gheibhte piob agus orghan,
Urram, sith, agus seanchas.
Uisge, brigheil na tairgne,
Ga chuir am pisean do'n airgiod,
Uath na laochanaibh meanmnach,
Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod 's an oir,
Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod 's an oir.

Lionte lan iad gun amhuil,
Air deagh shlainte Mhic Iain,
A chraobh is airde ri h-amhare
Ann an garadh an abhuill,
'S i cho laidir na 'cathair,
'S nach dean failbheirt a crathadh,
Fasgadh 's blaths ris a chabhadh,
Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir,
Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir.

Mo na tharladh dhomh 'thighinn,
Do d' thigh-thabhairn-sa 'shuidhe,
Chon am bi m' ailleagan dibhe,
So do dheoch-slainte s' fhir chridhe

Taghadh an oganaich chridheil ;
Cuirte doigh air an fhidheil,
Agus seol air an ruidheil
Is air dortadh na dibhe,
Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne,
Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne.

B'u ceann na filidh, 's fear-tighe,
'N am na feisde g'a caitheamh,
Bha thu treun anns gach rathad,
Ann an ceill, 's ann an tamail,
Ann am foghlum, 's an labhairt,
'S ann riut a dh' eisdeadh na maithean ;
Bu tu 'n dreagan nach athadh,
Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn,
Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn.

'Se do bhord a bhiodh rioghail
Ann am poite, na fiona,
'S lionmhor corn agus pise,
'N obair or-cheird bu daoire,
'S bhiodh na seoid air gach taobh dhiot,
A cumail coir riut, a's dh'fhaodadh,
'S nan tigeadh baoghall 's an rioghachd,
Bu tu sail-bhrollaich an t-Siphortaich oig,
'S tu sail-bhroillaich an t-Siphortaich oig.

'S tu 'n laoch furanach, fialaidh,
Bho fhrith mhullaich an fhiadhaich,
Dha 'm bi aidhean ga 'm biathadh
Agus greidheanan lionmhor ;
Chuir thu cisteachan iasgaich,
Air do bhuinneachan fiona.
'S iomadh urram thug Dia dhuit,
'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid,
'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid.

'S tu 'n laoch urramach, ainmeil,
Uath 'n tir fhuranaich, airmeil,
Nach d' fhuair di-meas, no garbheirt ;
Gach cis leat an Alba,
Ri linn aisith, no aimhreit,
Fhuair righ Shasuinn ort dearbhadh,
Nach bu dual duit bhi leanbaidh,
Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin,
Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin.

'S tu triath mheanmnach na h'eilid,
Do 'm bun beinn. do 'm bun coille,

Do 'm bun iasg, do 'm bun eircar,
Do 'm bun fiadh, do 'm bun gaodhar,
Leat bu mhiann bhi g'an taoghal,
Le d' chuid giomhanach laghach,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach an adharc,
Ri an cliathaich 'ga faighinn,
'S gunna gniomhach fo 'n fhradhare,
Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo,
Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo.

Tha gach buaidh air do bhaile,
Le chuid bhuacaichean geala,
'S do chuid planigeadh ainneamh,
Treobhair ard air a h-earadh
Le fiodh, sgliat, agus balla;
Dearsaidh 'ghrian troimh na ghlaine,
Na do sheomraichean geala,
'S bi coin-chainnt nam meangan,
'Seinn ciuil duit air crannaibh,
'S gur leat iasgach air Cearraidh,
Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid,
Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid.

Thu 'theaghlach urramach, teisteil,
'S an chuinnte farum nam feadan,
'Sa fhuair barrachd am Breatuinn,
Air ceol is calan bu deise,
Uath fhearabh nam fleasgach,
'S e do bhalla gu'm freagradh,
Fo mheoir Iain* g'a 'spreigeadh,
'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid,
'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid.

'N am bhi maoitheadh nan creachan
'Thoir a Gearrloch le cabhaig,
'S mise chunnaic do phrasgan,
'S cha be seorsa nan casag,
A bh' aig pola do bhrataich,
Ach na h-oganaich ghasta,
Do 'm bu chnodach am breacan,
Osan gearr fo na ghartan,
Agus brogan an astair,
'S gunna comhradh nan glasan,
'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn,
'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn.

(Ri leantainn.)

* John Mackay, the celebrated blind piper of Gairloch.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MACKENZIES.

—o—

THE following correspondence has recently appeared in the *Inverness Courier*:—

SIR,—As the origin of the "Mackenzies of Kintail" means that of the whole Clan Kenneth, in writing on the subject it is better to use the above title than the one adopted in the *Celtic Magazine*, especially in these latter days. A late article in that periodical seems to consider the northern origin of the Mackenzies better authenticated than the usually received one from the Fitzgerald family; but this has not been the opinion of those who have perhaps given most study to the subject, who hold that the stronger evidence is in favour of the Fitzgerald derivation, which rests on a class of tradition less liable than the northern story to invention and alteration. It is a matter of taste, perhaps, to prefer for one's ancestor an original Celt or Scandinavian, some terrible black or red savage of a northern clime—a shorter cut, anyhow, to the Darwinian ape—to the warrior from the south; but I venture to suggest that "the MS. of 1450" may not be an irreproachable authority, and to say that I for one am on the side of the Fitzgeralds.

Being away from all my books, MSS., and papers, I am unable now to quote authorities on which others have founded the same belief, but being here I have lighted upon evidence that there does not exist in Europe a house of nobler antecedents, of greater or more illustrious antiquity than that of Fitzgerald. I have before me an Italian work, Gamurrini's "Istoria Genealogica delle Famiglie Nobili Toscane ed Umbre," a standard work published in Florence in 1671, in which much space is devoted to prove, what may be new to many people, that the Fitzgeralds who came to Ireland in A.D. 1140 issued from the ancient Tuscan family of Gherardini, one of the most honoured in Florence—whose pedigree is given from known church deeds and other instruments from the year A.D. 910, anterior to which period the family is known to have been one of honour and nobility first in Arezzo (Arretium in Etruria) as far back as A.D. 800, and then in Siena before settling in Florence. In this book the Gherardini are spoken of as a "*famiglia antichissima è nobilissima*," in the early days ranging on the Guelphic or popular side, and enjoying frequently the chief honours of the State. In 1140 the Gherardini of the day had six sons, of whom, during civil dissensions in the town, three, Maurice, Thomas, and Gerard (or Gerald), left Florence for France, where they entered the service of King Louis le Jeune, and afterwards of his son Philip II. This King being asked by HENRY II. of England to find him some Italian officers *(Comandanti)* to assist him in the prosecution of his Irish wars—"not wishing to trust either English or French"—sent to him the three brothers Gherardini, who to show their parentage from Gherardini, or as it was also written Geraldino, had adopted the Norman prefix of Fitz; their name appearing always in English chronicles as Fitzgerald, and continuing the same ever after. Maurice Fitzgerald is chiefly mentioned as the knight who assisted Strongbow in his successes in Ireland, and it is certain that to the services of the Fitzgeralds King Henry was in great measure indebted for the conquest of that country, effected in 1172. Nor was he ungrateful, for very large possessions were bestowed upon the brothers, two of whom became Earls of Kildare and of Desmond; and during succeeding reigns various members of the family were Viceroys of Ireland. At the present day their ancient house is worthily represented by the noble houses of Leinster, Lansdowne, and Waveney, and by the Knights of Kerry and Glyn.

The Italian historian is evidently very proud of the success of that branch of the Gherardini which flourished in Ireland, and takes much pains to prove their common origin. He relates how in 1413 a member of the Fitzgerald family came from Ireland to Florence, to find out any relatives who might be still living there, and how his claims were recognised by certain Gherardini in the town. He told these that the deeds, valour, and acquisitions of the three brothers were recited in the "Cronica Rossa" (probably "the Roll of Rous or de Ros," which I should be glad to see), in the city of Limerick, and that the family had since multiplied into many gentlefolks and barons with a great number of dependants. There is also given an interesting letter written in 1507 by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and Viceroy of Ireland, under Henry VII., to his "beloved brother of the family of Gherardini, living in Florence," showing that an intimate correspondence existed between them, and telling them how his predecessors had passed from Florence to England and Ireland, and had by their sword *(per forza di spada)* obtained great possessions and performed great deeds of arms, and were at that time multiplied into various families. Other Italian historians confirm Gamurrini.

The only link which seems wanting is the connection between 1172 and 1263, from the Conquest of Ireland to the Battle of Largs, a period of about 90 years; to show the actual relationship of "Colin" Fitzgerald to the three knights of Florence: in all probability he was the great-grandson of one of them. I have here no materials for tracing the family, and shall be very glad if this slight memoir invite some one at home to work out the problem. Then shall we possess a clear list of the Mackenzie family for one thousand years, and I cannot but think that most of the clan will prefer the "Old Roman" derivation to that of the "Noble Savage." I should add that the arms of the Gherardini of Florence are, *on a field gules three bars azure*; and some of them bore, *on a field azure a lion rampant or*, and *four crosses or*.

I have written, perhaps, at two great length already, but I should like to call attention to the rapid acquisition of territory and power by the Mackenzies, as denoting an energy more devouring than might be expected in mere children of the soil, and to the nature of the deeds ascribed to Colin Fitzgerald and his successors, which are very much in the style of their predecessors in Ireland, while there is a strong savour of Roman salt in many of their doings. Kenneth Ivlair (query, na Blar) is a regular Roman in his strategy; in his brutal treatment of his wife, daughter of the great Earl of Ross, whom he scorns and thus outrages for a fancied slight, forsooth, at the wedding at Balcony; and in his cool theft of Lovat's daughter for a new wife; nor, it is possible, would his papal license for this second marriage have been got but through friends in that southern court. It occurs to me that among the prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* there is one that some member of the family of the last Seaforth "*Shall go back to Ireland* in a black boat."—I am, your obedient servant,

JAMES D. MACKENZIE.

Florence, February 1877.

[We are obliged to Findon for his interesting communication. The descent of Maurice Fitzgerald, as traced by Gamurrini, is differently given in the history of the Earls of Kildare, by the present Duke of Leinster. It is there stated, not that Maurice was a son of the Gherardini of the day in 1140, but that he was the great-grandson of a certain Dominus Otho, said to have been one of the Gherardini, and who was an honorary baron of England in 1057. Otho must have been a powerful baron if he possessed all which is assigned to him, namely, three lordships in Surrey, three in Buckinghamshire, two in Berkshire, four in Middlesex, nine in Wiltshire, ten in Hampshire, three in Dorsetshire, and one in Somersetshire. His son, Walter, is mentioned in Domesday Book, as living (1078) in possession of his father's estates. Otho's grandson, Gerald Fitz-Walter, was appointed by Henry I., Constable of Pembroke Castle. He married Nesta, the daughter of the Prince of South Wales, and had (besides two other sons and a daughter), Maurice, who helped Strongbow to subdue Ireland, and was made Baron Offaley, from whom the Earls of Kildare descend in direct line. Maurice's third son, Thomas, was ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, the White Knight, the Knight of Kerry, and the Mackenzies. Maurice died at Wexford in 1137.]

Sir,—In your last issue Captain Mackenzie of Findon writes from Florence regarding a short sketch of the history of the Clan Kenneth, which was embodied in the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," now appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*. In that sketch the writer adopts the Highland origin of the clan, and agrees with Skene and other excellent authorities in believing that there is no foundation whatever for the Fitzgerald-Irish origin, beyond the unpatriotic partiality generally displayed by our Highland chiefs for a *foreign* origin. I have yet to learn that the ancient Highlander was a "more terrible black or red savage" in aspect, or "a shorter cut to the Darwinian ape," than his Irish contemporary. At any rate, it is *not* "a matter of taste," but a matter of general historical testimony and proof.

The history of the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds, as given by Findon, is most interesting; but "the link which seems wanting," "a period of about ninety years, to show the actual relationship of Colin to the three knights of Florence," is enough, I am afraid, to cut the connection between the Fitzgeralds and the Mackenzies. Captain Mackenzie says, referring to the article in the *Celtic Magazine*, that the writer "seems to consider the northern origin of the Mackenzies better authenticated than the usually received one from the Fitzgerald family; but this is not the opinion of those who have perhaps given most study to the subject." Well, here is one good, if not the best authority, and one who will be readily admitted to have studied the question, perhaps more so than any other. Mr W. F. Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," vol. ii., pp. 233-235, says—"The Mackenzies have long boasted of their descent from the great Norman family of Fitzgerald in Ireland, and in support of this origin they produce a fragment of the records of Icolmkill, and a charter by Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald, the supposed progenitor of the family, of the lands of Kintail. At first sight these documents might

appear conclusive, but, independently of the somewhat suspicious circumstance, that while these papers have been most freely and generally quoted, no one has ever yet declared that he has seen the originals, the fragment of the Icolmkill record merely says, that among the actors in the battle of Largs, fought in 1262, was 'Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum qui proximo anno ab Hibernia pulsus apud regem benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in præfacto prœlio strenue pugnavit,' giving not a hint of his having settled in the Highlands, or of his having become the progenitor of any Scottish family whatever; while as to the supposed charter of Alexander III., it is equally inconclusive, as it merely grants the lands of Kintail 'Colino Hiberno,' the word 'Hibernus' having at that time come into general use as denoting the Highlanders, in the same manner as the word 'Erse' is now frequently used to express their language; but, inconclusive as it is, this charter cannot be admitted at all, as it bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of later times, and one by no means happy in its execution.

"How such a tradition of the origin of the Mackenzies ever could have arisen it is difficult to say; but the fact of their native and Gaelic descent is completely set at rest by the manuscript of 1450, which has already so often been the means of detecting the falsehood of the foreign origin of other clans. In that MS., the antiquity of which is perhaps as great, and its authenticity certainly much greater, than the fragments of the Icolmkill records, the Mackenzies are brought from a certain Gilleon-og, or Colin the younger, a son of 'Gilleon na h'Airde,' the ancestor of the Rosses. The descendants of Gilleon na h'Airde we have already identified with the ancient tribe of Ross, and it follows, therefore, that the Mackenzies must always have formed an integral part of that tribe."

This is a most interesting subject, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will, by the insertion of this letter in the *Courier*, aid in the solution of the question raised.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

EDITOR, *Celtic Magazine*.

Inverness, 19th March 1877.

Sir,—In Findon's absence from the country, allow me to add a few lines to the correspondence in your columns on the above subject.

The evidence in favour of the Geraldine and of the ancient Highlander theories respectively, is in either case of the slightest, and in the mind of him who weighs it, the balance may perhaps be sometimes turned by a predilection on the one hand for ancestors of historic name, or on the other for those of ancient Highland descent. Even the critic who can discard the influence of such matters of taste, has still a delicate task to perform, having to deal with authorities of disputed authenticity, and to rely largely on what may be called circumstantial evidence, derived from the history of the times during which the Mackenzies rose so rapidly to power and fame in the Highlands.

On such a question, most of us are glad to accept the opinions of those who have devoted special attention to it, and it was natural, therefore, that Mr W. F. Skene should be brought forward in support of the ancient Highlander theory. But if I am not mistaken, the book quoted (which I have no opportunity of consulting) was a prize essay composed when Mr Skene was only eighteen or nineteen, and though a most ingenious work, its author's experience must be exceptional, if he has not had occasion in the course of a long life of research to modify many of the judgments formed at the early age when it was written.

I have no means of knowing who are the "best authorities" referred to by Findon in his letter to you from Florence, but the expression must have recalled to the memory of most of your Ross-shire readers the late Mr Lewis Mackenzie of Findon, a learned and devoted antiquary, who gathered a mass of material for a history of the Mackenzies which he intended to write, and which, but that his purpose was frustrated by his sad and lamented death, would now probably have been the leading authority on the subject. It was no secret that the conclusions reached by him were in favour of the Geraldine theory.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

K. S. M.

Sir,—In your last issue "K. S. M.," evidently sympathising with those who claim an Irish origin for the Mackenzies, writes regarding W. F. Skene's "Scottish Highlanders," quoted by me in a previous communication, "that it was a prize essay composed when Mr Skene was only eighteen or nineteen, and though a most ingenious work, its author's experience must be exceptional if he has not had occasion in the course of a long life of research to modify many judgments formed at the early age when it was written." It is quite true that the foundation of the work was an essay written by Mr Skene in answer to an advertisement by the Highland Society of London, and that he

carried away the prize against all comers for the best history of the Highland Clans. Before the work was published, however, in its present form, the original plan was entirely re cast, and important additions made which added greatly to its value. Although it is probably true enough that Mr Skene has had to modify some of his earlier judgments, I am not aware of any indication he has as yet given of any modification in his views as to the origin of the Clan Kenneth. In his forthcoming work, Vols. II. and III. of "Celtic Scotland," he may do so; meanwhile permit me to give another authority, which will be admitted to have considerable weight. In the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," published by the Bannatyne Club in 1855, vol. ii., pp. 391 2, we find the following:—"The lands of Kintail are said to have been granted by King Alexander III. to Colin, an Irishman of the family of Fitzgerald, for service done at the battle of Largs. The charter is not extant, and its genuineness has been doubted." In a foot-note. "its terms, as found in a copy of the 17th century, said to be in the handwriting of the first Earl of Cromarty," is given in Latin, and then follows:—"*If the charter be genuine, it is not of Alexander III., or connected with the battle of Largs* (1263). *Two of the witnesses—Andrew, Bishop of Moray, and Henry de Balliol, chamberlain, would correspond with the* 16*th year of Alexander II.* The writers of the history of the M'Kenzies assert also charters of David II. (1360) and of Robert II. (1380) to 'Murdo filius de Kintail,' but without furnishing any description or means of testing their authenticity. *No such charters are recorded.*" There is no *authentic* record of Mackenzies or Fitzgeralds in Kintail before 1463. "In 1342 (nearly a century later than the supposed charter to Fitzgerald), William, Earl of Ross, the son and heir of the deceased Hugh, Earl of Ross, granted to Reginald, the son of Roderick (Ranald Rorisoune) of the Isles, the ten davachs (or ten pennylands) of Kintale, in North Argyll. . . . About the year 1346, Ranald was succeeded by his sister Amie, the wife of John of Isla. Between the years 1362 and 1372, William, Earl of Ross, exchanged with his brother, Hugh of Rosse, lord of Fylorth, and his heirs, his lands of all Etgill, *with the Castle of Elandonan*, for Hugh's lands in Buchan." "In 1463 the lands of Kintail were held by Alexander Mackenzie."

The charter said to have been granted in favour of Fitzgerald *must* have been written, if genuine, when the witnesses to it were in existence in 1230—thirty-three years *before* the battle of Largs, and before Fitzgerald crossed the Irish Channel. And again, where were the Fitzgeralds for two centuries when Kintail was, according to authentic records, in the possession of those above mentioned, while we have no authentic trace of a Fitzgerald, or of a Mackenzie even, in the district?—Yours faithfully,

March 30, 1877. EDITOR, *Celtic Magazine.*

Literature.

AN T' ORANAICHE: or, THE GAELIC SONGSTER. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street.

THE Second Part of this really excellent collection of Gaelic songs has now made its appearance. It is in all respects a worthy sequel to Part I., and reflects great credit both on the publisher and editor. In our notice of the First Part we, in a friendly way, criticised certain defects, and we are glad to find that our suggestions have not been thrown away on those concerned. We pointed out the serious defect in such a work of publishing songs without the names of the authors, and we find a notice issued with the present division intimating that "the suggestions made will be complied with when practicable," and that the publishers "will feel obliged to their patrons to assist them in the matter of preparing a complete index to the volume, and the various names of the authors can then be given." This will add considerably to the value and interest of the Collection.

It will be remembered that we also suggested that "the Editor should spell the same words the same way throughout the work," at the same time giving several examples of this neglect in the Part then under notice. We have carefully gone over the Second Part, and here also we find a most decided improvement, for, with scarcely an exception, the Editor has attended to this important part of his work. One of the exceptions will be found on page 115, where we find *thugainn* spelt *h-ugainn;* also, on page 117, where we have *Cruaidh* spelt *Cruaigh.* We prefer *shireamaid* to *shireadhmaid*, *luidh* to *laidh*, and *Cuoimhneas* to *Coimhneas.* These, and a few others, are very trifling blemishes, but it is because the work is, on the whole, so very well edited, and otherwise so creditable to the publisher, that we call attention to these shortcomings, solely with the view of securing a Gaelic publication as free from errors as it is possible, under present difficulties, to make it. There are two or three songs which the Editor might have kept out with advantage to the work, such as, "*Am Ministeir 's am Baillidh*," a poor version of "*An T'Each Odhar*," and perhaps, "*Moladh nan Laoch Gaidhealach.*" These, however, are the particles of dust which are made prominent only by the rays of the sun in and by which they attract a notice that, without the brilliant surroundings, they would never receive. The first song in the Collection is, "*Brathainn nan Steud*," composed to Seaforth when, for the space of six years, he fought against his King. We also have "*Alein Duinn, shiubhlainn leat*," referred to by Mary Mackellar in our April number, and which she was unable to procure in Harris; several specimens of John Campbell's muse; a few more of Dr Maclachlan's, of Morven, really good compositions; Dugald Macphail, and other modern Gaelic bards; while we have such well-known favourites as "*Ged tha mi gun Chrodh gun Aighean*," "'*An Gille Dubh cha treig mi.*" "*Maile nam Mhor-Bheann*," "*Nighean Donn nan meal-shuilean*," "*A Nighean Donn an t' sugraidh*," "*Failte dhuit 's deoch slainte leat*," "*Chuir iad an t' suil a Pilot Ban*," "*Na Tulaichean*," "*An Te sin air am bheil mi 'n geall*," and "*Oran Chlann Ghriogair*," most of which, with the music, will be found on another page. There is also a beautiful and sweet "*Luinneag*," by Mary Mackellar, in which she melodiously sings of the sweetness and purity of the spring water of her native Highlands, and the scenic beauties of her native hills; but the gem of the whole of this part of the Collection is "*An T-Sobhrach Mhuileach*," by Dugald Macphail, which will bear favourable comparison even with Burns' song, "To the Daisy," and is enough to establish Macphail as one of our first Gaelic bards, did he never compose another line.

We cannot conclude this short notice without expressing our own gratitude to Mr Sinclair for such patriotic labour, so well executed, and so worthy of his father's son. Quite apart from the merits of the work, he has a special claim upon his countrymen for support in this good cause. But we assure the reader that the "*Oranaiche*" is, on its own merits, the best executed work, and, with one exception, the best selected, and the best value both as regards the quantity and quality of its contents, as well as the excellence of the printing, that has hitherto issued from the Gaelic press.

ORAN CHLOINN GHRIOGAIR.

KEY E FLAT. *Slow, and with feeling.*

: R .,m	l : r' : t .,l	s : r : R .,m	l : r' : t .,l	s : d
Mi am	shuidh-e 'n so	'm onar Air	comhnard an	rath - aid,
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear		fuadain, 'Tigh'nn o	Chruachan a'	cheathaich.

D.C.

: S .,m	s : l : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r
Dh'fheuch 'm faic mi fear		fuadain, 'Tigh'nn o	Chruachan a'	cheath aich.
'Bheir domh sgeul air Clann		Ghriogair, No	fios cion a	chath iad.

'Bheir dhomh, &c.
'S iad bu chuideachda dhomhsa
Di-domhnuich so chaidh.

'S iad bu, &c.
Cha d' fhuair mi d' an sgeula
Ach iad bhi 'n de air na sraithibh—

Cha d' fhuair, &c.
Thall 's a bhos mu Loch-fine,
Ma 's a fior mo luchd-bratha ;

Thall 's a bhos, &c.
Ann an Clachan-an-Diseart,
'G ol fion' air na maithibh.

Ann an Clachan, &c.
Bha Griogar mor, ruadh ann—
Lamh chruaidh air chul claidhimh.

Bha Griogar, &c.
Agus Griogar mor meadhrach—
Ceann-feadhn' ar luchd-tighe,

Agus Griogar, &c.
'Mhic an fhir a Srath-Arduil,
Bhiodh na baird ort a' tathaich,

'Mhic an fhir, &c.
'Bheireadh greis air a' chlarsaich
'S air an taileasg gu h-aighear,

'Bheireadh greis, &c.
'S a sheinneadh an fhidheal,
'Chuireadh fhighair fo mhnathan.

'S a sheinneadh, &c.
'S ann a rinn sibh 'n t sithionn anmoch
Anns a' ghleann am bi 'n ceathach.

'S ann rinn sibh, &c.
Dh' fhag sibh an t-Eoin boidheach
Air a' mhointich 'n a laidhe ;

Dh' fhag sibh, &c.
'N a stairsnich air feithe,
'N deigh a reubadh le claidheamh.

'N a stairsnich, &c.
'S ann a thog sibh ghreigh dhughorm
Bho luban na h-abhann.

'S ann a thog sibh, &c.
Ann am bothan na dige
Ghabh sibh dion air an rathad ;

Ann am bothan, &c.
Far an d' fhag sibh mo bhiodag,
Agus crios mo bhuilg-shaighead.

Far an d' fhag. &c.
Gur i saidhead na h-araich
So tharmaich am shliasaid—

Gur i saighead, &c.
Chaidh saighead am shliasaid—
Crann fiar air dhroch shnaithcadh.

Chaidh saighead, &c.
Gu 'n seachnadh Righ-nan-Dul sibh
Bho fhudar caol, neimhe.

Gu 'n seachnadh, &c.
Bho shradagan teine,
Bho pheileir 's bho shaighead.

Bho shradagan, &c.
Bho sgian na roinn' caoile,
'S bho fhaobhar caol claidhimh !

Bho sgian, &c.
'S ann bha bhuidheann gun chomhradh
Di-domhnuich 'm braigh bhaile ;

'S ann bha, &c.
'S cha dean mi gair eibhinn,
'N am eirigh no laidhe.

NOTE.—I am not aware that the above melody has ever been printed. It is one of our most popular airs, and more than one bard has wedded words to it. The set above given is the one known to me, and I heard it in several parts of the Highlands. Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, favours me with another version, which I subjoin, and which is the one commonly sung in his native Glen of Urquhart.—W. M'K.

: R .,m	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : r : R .,m	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : d
: L .,s	s : l .s : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r
: D' .t,l	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : r : D' .t,l	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : d
L .,s	s : l .s : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE,

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A FEW admirers of John Mackenzie's indefatigable and patriotic labour for Celtic Literature, have decided to erect a Monument, with a Gaelic and English inscription, to mark his grave, on the wall of the ruined Chapel in which he is buried, in the Church-yard of Gairloch, his native parish.

Among the gentlemen who have already patronised the movement, and promised subscriptions, are—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.; Osgood H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe; John Mackay, Esq., C.E., late of Shrewsbury; Donald Macgregor, Esq., London, and several other patriotic Celts. Professor Blackie writes—"I am glad to hear of the honour proposed to be done to John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties'; posterity will think justly you owe more to him than to Macpherson." The style and general character of the Monument will necessarily depend upon the amount of Subscriptions, which will be acknowledged in the *Celtic Magazine*, and may be intimated to either of the undersigned.

ALEX. MACKENZIE, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Hon. Secretary.
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The Magazine, beginning with the first number of Vol. II. issued on 1st November, is considerably enlarged.

In the November Number appropriate from Canto of the "Clearing of the Clyde," a Poem (to be continued) in Seven Cantos, by Principal Shairp of St Andrews; "The Career and Death of Colonel Baird of Pitcaple in India," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; the first instalment of "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer (Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche)," by the Editor; "The Ossian Controversy," by Hector Maclean and the Rev. Dr Harper Waddell; "The Highland Crofter Question," by Alexander Grant of Corrimony; "Celtic Place-Names in Perthshire," by the Rev. A. Sinclair, Kemore, &c., &c.

We have also entered into terms with the well known Celtic Scholar for a series of Articles, which will appear in the forthcoming Volume. "Translations and Imitations in the Highlands," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; the Rev. Alex. Stewart, F.S.A., Scot., "Nether Lochaber," by the celebrated Folk Lorist, Mrs Mackellar, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on "Highland Superstition," she will also contribute Original Poetry; the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., on "Highland Destitution" with in the last 40 years, "Flora Macdonald," "Prince Charlie," and other Interesting Subjects; Alex. Fraser, Inverness, on "The Frasers," the Professors of the Frasers in the Arts, "Prince Charlie in Inverness"; on the "Elegies of Rob Donn, the Reay Bard," by "Kintradwell," & c. Mr Anastatic Co will continue his "Highland Cabin," Tongue his Interesting Sketches, and William Allan will continue to contribute Original Poetry.

Among other Contributors will be found—The Rev. George Calder, M.A., The Very Rev. Dean J. Canon Pigott, D.D., President of St Juliette College, Turin; The Rev. John Dalrymple, M.A., Perth; The Rev. John Macpherson, Laggan; Professor Blackie; Dr Charles Mackay, LL.D.; Dr Thomas Maclauchlan; Wm. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Archibald Fergusson, Perth; The Rev. A. C. Sutherland, F.D., Stornoway; John Cameron Macphee, President of the Celtic Society of London; Alexander Macbain, M.A., Kingussie, Evan G. Mackenzie, Inverness; Monie Lorne, Kingussie, and other well-known writers on Celtic subjects, Traditions, and Folk-Lore.

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXI. MAY 1878. Vol. III.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

It has been maintained by the family of Gairloch that there is no truth in the charge, the details of which we have given in our last, mainly on the authority of the Earl of Cromartie, against their ancestor, Hector Roy. The writer of the MacRa MS. of the Mackenzies* says that John "was but young when his father died; and Hector, his younger uncle (Duncan, Hector's eldest brother, who should be tutor being dead, and Allan, Duncan's son, not being able to oppose or grapple with Hector) meddled with the estate. It is reported that Hector wished Allan out of the way, whom he thought only to stand in his way from being laird, since he was resolved not to own my Lord Lovat's daughter's children, being all bastards and gotten in adultery. The reason why they entertained such thoughts of him was partly this: Hector going to Islandonan (where he placed Malcolm MacEancharrich constable) called such of the country people to him as he judged fit, under pretence of setting and settling the country, but asked not for, nor yet called his nephew Allan, who lived at Inversheal, within a few miles of Islandonan, but went away. Allan, suspecting this to have proceeded from unkindness, sends to one of his familiar friends to know the result of the meeting, or if there was any spoken concerning him. The man, perhaps, not being willing to be an ill instrument 'twixt so near relations, sends Allan the following Irish lines:—

Inversheala na struth bras,
Tar as, 's fear foill ga d' fheitheamh,
Nineag, ga caol a cas,
Tha leannan aice gun fhios,
A tighinn gam fhaire a shios,
Tha i, gun fhios, fo mo chrios
Na 'n sàr lann ghuilbneach ghlas,
Bheirinn urchair dha le fios.

Allan put his own construction on them, and thought a friend warned him to have a care of himself, there being some designs on him from a near relation; and so that very night, in the beginning thereof, he re-

* Dr George Mackenzie gives substantially the same account.

moved himself and family and anything he valued within the house to an hill above the town, where he might see and hear anything that might befal the house; and that same night about cock crow he saw his house and biggings in flames, and found them consumed to ashes on the morrow. The perpetrators could not be found; yet it was generally thought to be Hector his uncle's contrivance." MacRa describes the legitimation of Agnes Fraser's children by the Pope, and continues, "Hector, notwithstanding of the legitimation, refused to quit the possession of the estate," and he then gives the same account of John's feigned expedition to Ireland, and the burning of Hector's house at Wester Fairburn substantially as we have given it from another source, but adding, "That very night they both entered upon terms of agreement without acquainting or sending for any, or to advise a reconciliation betwixt them. The sum of their agreement was, that Hector, as a man able to rule and govern, should have (allowing John an aliment) the estate for five or six years, till John should be major, and that thereafter Hector should render it to John as the right and lawful undoubted heir, and that Hector should ever afterwards acknowledge and honour him as his chief, and so they parted, all being well pleased. But Allan and the most of the Kintail men were dissatisfied that John did not get Islandonan, his principal house, in his own possession, and so desired John to come to them and possess the Castle by fair or foul means wherein they promised to assist him. John goes to Kintail, desires him to render the place to him which he refused." The MacRa MS. History and the Earl of Cromartie's account are to some extent, however, borne out by Gregory,* who informs us that "Hector Roy Mackenzie, progenitor of the House of Gairloch, had, since the death of Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, in 1497, and during the minority of John, the brother and heir of Kenneth, exercised the command of that clan, nominally as guardian to the young chief. Under his rule the Clan Mackenzie became involved in feuds with the Munroes and other clans, and Hector Roy himself became obnoxious to Government as a disturber of the public peace. His intentions towards the young Lord of Kintaill were considered very dubious; and the apprehensions of the latter having been roused, Hector was compelled by law to yield up the estate and the command of the tribe to the proper heir." Gregory gives the "Acts of the Lords of Council, xxii., fo. 142," as that upon which, among other authorities, he founds; from which we are enabled to place the following extract before the reader. Except that the spelling is sufficiently modernised to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader, it is as follows:—"7th April 1511. Anent the summons made at the instance of John Mackenzie of Kintail against Hector Roy Mackenzie for the wrongous intromitting, uptaking, and withholding from him of the mails 'fermez,' profits, and duties of all and whole the lands of Kintail, with the pertinents lying in the Sherrifdom of Inverness, for the space of seven years together, beginning in the year of God 1501, and also for the space of two years, last bye-past, and for the masterful withholding from the said John Mackenzie of his house and Castle of Eleandonain, and to bring with him his evidents if (he) any has of the constabulary and keeping

* Highlands and Isles of Scotland, p. 111.

thereof, and to hear the same decerned of none avail, and diverse other points like as at more length is contained in the said summons, the said John Mackenzie being personally present, and the said Hector Roy being lawfully summoned to this action, oft-times called and not compearing, the said John's rights, &c. The Lords of Council decree and deliver, that the said Hector has forfeited the keeping and constabulary of the said Castle of Eleandonain, together with the fees granted therefor, and decern all evidents, if he any has made to him thereupon, of none avail force nor effect, and the said John Mackenzie to have free ingress and entry to the said Castle, because he required the said Hector for deliverance thereof and to thole him to enter thereunto, howbeit the said Hector refused and would not give him entry to the said Castle, bot gif his servants would have delivered their happinnis from them to his men or their entries, like as one actentit instrument taken thereupon shown and produced before the said Lords purported and bore, and therefore ordains our sovereign Lords' letters (to) be directed to devode and rid the said Castle and to keep the said John in possession thereof as effeirs and continues the remanent points contained in the said summons in form, as they are now, unto the 20th day of July next to come, with continuation of days, and ordains that letters be written in form of commission to the Sheriff of Inverness and his deputies to summon witnesses and take probations thereupon, and to summon the party to hear them swoin and thereafter send their depositions closed to the Lords again, the said day, under the said Sheriff's or his Deputy's seal, that thereafter justice may be ministered thereuntill."

Hector Roy was undoubtedly at this time possessed of considerable estates of his own; for, we find a "protocal," by John Vass, "Burges of Dygvayll, and Shireff in this pairt," by which he makes known that, by the command of his sovereign lord, letters and process was directed to him as Sheriff, granting him, to give Hector Mackenzie heritable state and possession "of all and syndri the landis off Gerloch, with thar pertinens, after the forme and tenor off our souerane lordis chartyr maide to the forsaide Hector," lying between the waters called Inverew and Torridon. The letter is dated "At Alydyll (? Talladale) the xth of the moneth off December the yher off Gode ane thousande four hundreth nynte and four yheris."

It is quite clear that Hector was not long under a cloud; for, in 1508, he was again in the favour of his sovereign, who in that year directed a mandate to the Chamberlain of Ross, requesting him to enter Hector Roy Mackenzie in the "males and proffitis of our landis of Braane and Moy, with ariage, cariage and vther pertinence thareof . . . . . for his gude and thankfull service done and to be done to us . . . . . and this on na wise ye leif vndone, as ye will incur our indignatioun and displesour. This our letrez . . . . . efter the forme of our said vther letres past obefor, given vnder our signet at Edinburgh the fift day of Marche and of Regne the twenty yere.—(Signed) James R." In 1513 he received a charter under the great seal of the lands of Gairloch formerly granted him, with Glasletter and Coruguellen, with their pertinents.* Hector's conduct towards John has been found

* The original charter, the "protocol" from John Vass, the mandate to the Chamberlain of Ross, and various other documents, for copies of which we are indebted to the courtesy of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet, are in the Gairloch Charter Chest.

fault with, but if we keep in mind that no regular marriage ever took place between Kenneth a Bhlair and John's mother, Agnes of Lovat; that their union was not even recognised by the Church until 1491, the very year in which "Kenneth of the Battle" died; and that there is no evidence of any kind, or even pretence, of which we have any knowledge that Hector was ever appointed to, or accepted any tutorship or guardianship of John, the issue of this irregular union, we can quite understand Hector conscientiously doing what he in fact considered his duty—standing out against John of Killin in the interest of those whom he considered the legitimate successors of Kenneth a Bhlair and his unfortunate son, Kenneth Og; but further consideration of this question must be left to its proper place when we come to treat of the history of the House of Gairloch.

In compliance with an Act passed in the year 1494, anent the education of young gentlemen of note, John was sent in his youth to Edinburgh by Hector Roy, with his elder brother Coinneach Og, to complete his education at Court. He thus in early life acquired a knowledge of legal principles and practice which proved of great service to him in after life, not only in managing his own affairs, but in aiding his friends and countrymen in their various difficulties by his counsel and guidance. He thus secured such universal esteem and confidence as seldom fell to the lot of a Highland Chief in that rude and unruly age. The kind of education acquired at Court in those days must have been very different from that required in ours, for we find that, with all his opportunities, John of Killin could not write his own name. In a bond in favour of the Earl of Huntly he signs, "Jhone M'Kenzie of Kyntaill, with my hand on the pen led by Master William Gordone, *Notar*." He was a member of the Privy Council of James the Fifth, and a great favourite at Court.

Referring to the power of the family at this period, and the rapid advance made by the family under Alexander and his successor, we quote the following from a modern MS. history of the family*:—"We must observe here the rapid advance which the family of Kintail made on every side. The turbulent Macdonalds crushed by the affair of Park, Munro sustained by his own Clan, and the neighbouring vassals of Ross humbled at their own door when a century had not yet passed since the name of Mackenzie had become familiar to their ears; and it is gratifying to trace all this to the wise policy of the first James and his successors. The judicious education of Alastair Ionraic, and consequent cultivation of those habits which, by identifying the people with the monarch, through the laws, render a nation securely great, is equally discernible in John of Killin and his posterity. The successors of the Earls of Ross were turbulent and tenacious of their rights, but they were irreclaimable. The youthful Lord of the Isles, at the instigation of his haughty mother, deserted the Court of James I., while young Kintail remained, sedulously improving himself at school in Perth, till he was called to display his gratitude to his Royal master in counteracting

* Written by the late Mr Matheson of Bennetsfield; and for its perusal we are indebted to the courtesy of his relative, Captain Alexander Matheson, Dornie, Kintail,—a gentleman who is possessed of a valuable mass of antiquarian lore.

the evil arising from the opposite conduct of Macdonald. Thus, by one happy circumstance, the attention of the King was called to a chieftain, who gave such early promise of steady attachment, and his future favour was secured. The family of Kintail was respectably recognised in the Calendar of the Scottish Court, while that of the once proud Macdonalds frowned in disappointment and barbarous independence amidst their native wilds, while their territories, extending beyond the bounds of good government and protection, presented, gradually, such defenceless gaps as became inviting, and easily penetrable by the intelligence of Mackenzie; and Alastair Ionraic acquired so great a portion of his estates by this legitimate advantage, afterwards secured by the intractable arrogance of Macdonald of Lochalsh and the valour and military capacity of *Coinneach a Bhlair*."

In 1513 John of Killin was among those Highland Chiefs summoned to rendezvous with the Royal army at Barron Moor preparatory to the fatal advance of James IV. into England, when the Mackenzies, forming with the Macleans joined that miserably arranged and ill-fated expedition which terminated so fatally to Scotland on the disastrous field of Flodden, where the killed included the King, with the flower of his nobility, gentry, and even clergy. There was scarcely a Scottish family of distinction that did not lose at least one, and some of them lost all the male members who were capable of bearing arms. The body of the King was found, much disfigured with wounds, in the thickest of the slain. Abercromby, on the authority of Crawford, includes, in a list of those killed at Flodden, "Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, ancestor to the noble family of Seaforth." This is, however, an undoubted error; for John (not Kenneth) was chief at the time of Flodden. It was he who joined the Royal army, accompanied by his brave and gallant uncle, Hector Roy of Gairloch, and it is established beyond dispute that though almost all their followers fell, neither of them were killed. They both, however, narrowly escaped the charge of Sir Edward Stanley in rear of the Highlanders during their disorderly pursuit of Sir Edward Howard, who had given way to the furious and gallant onset of the mountaineers. The Chief of Clan Kenneth was, however, made prisoner, but he procured his escape in a very remarkable manner. When his captors were carrying him and some of his followers to the south, they were overtaken by a most violent storm, which obliged them to seek shelter in a retired house occupied by the widow of a shipmaster. After taking up their quarters, and, as they thought providing for the safe custody of their prisoners, the woman noticed that the captives were Highlanders; and, in reference to the boisterous weather raging outside, she, as if unconsciously, exclaimed, "The Lord help those who are to-night travelling on *Leathad Leacachan*." The prisoners were naturally astonished to hear this allusion, in such a place, to a mountain so familiar to them in the North Highlands. They soon managed to get an opportunity, which she appeared most anxious to afford them, of questioning her regarding her acquaintance with so distant a place, when she told them that during a sea voyage she took with her husband, she had been taken so ill aboard ship, that it was found necessary to send her ashore on the north-west coast of Scotland, where, travelling with a maid and a single guide, they were caught in a

severe storm, and she was suddenly taken in labour. In this distressing and trying predicament a Highlander passing by took compassion on her, and seeing her case was desperate, with no resources at hand, he, with a remarkable presence of mind, killed one of his horses, ripped open his belly, and taking out the bowels, placed the woman and the newly-born infant in their place, as the only effectual shelter from the storm; by this means he secured sufficient time to procure female assistance, and saved the mother and her child. But the most remarkable part of the story remains to be told. The very individual to whom she owed her preservation was one of the captives then under her roof. He was one of Kintail's followers on the field of Flodden. She was informed of his presence, and of the plight he was in, and she managed to procure a private interview with him, when he amply proved to her, by more detailed reference to the incidents of their meeting on *Leathad Leacachan*, that he was the very man—*Uisdean Mor Mac 'Ille Phadruig*—and in gratitude, at the risk of her own personal safety, she successfully planned the escape of her saviour's master and his whole party. The story is given on uninterrupted tradition in the country of the Mackenzies; and a full and independent version of *Uisdean's* humane proceedings on *Leathad Leacachan* will be found in the *Celtic Magazine*, vol. ii., pp. 468-9, to which we refer the Gaelic reader. "Tradition has preserved a curious anecdote," says Gregory, p. 112, "connected with the Mackenzies, whose young chief, John of Kintail, was taken prisoner at Flodden. It will be recollected that Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, while on his way to the Highlands, after making his escape from Edinburgh Castle, was killed in the Torwood by the laird of Buchanan. The foster-brother of Kenneth Oig was a man of the district of Kenlochew, named Donald Dubh MacGillecrist vic Gillereoch, who with the rest of the clan were at Flodden with his chief. In the retreat of the Scottish army this Donald Dubh heard some one near him exclaiming, 'Alas, Laird! thou hast fallen.' On enquiry, he was told that it was the Laird of Buchanan who had sunk from his wounds or exhaustion. The faithful Highlander, eager to revenge the death of his chief and foster-brother, drew his sword, and, saying, 'If he has not fallen he shall fall,' made straight to Buchanan, whom he killed on the spot." As to Kintail's and Eachainn Ruadh's safe return to their Highland home, after this calamitous event, there is now no question whatever; for John, among others, was appointed by Act of Council a lieutenant or guardian of Wester Ross,* to protect it from Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh, who proclaimed himself Lord of the Isles. In 1515, Mackenzie, without legal warrant, seized the royal castle of Dingwall, but he professed his readiness to give it to any one appointed by the Regent, John, Duke of Albany.† In 1532 we find John included in a commission by James V. for suppressing a disorderly tribe of Mackintoshes, and he secured the esteem of this monarch so much that he made him a Privy Councillor. To put the question of John's return beyond further cavil, and to show how the family rapidly rose in influence and power in John's time, we shall quote the following from the "Origines

* Gregory, p. 115. Acts of Lords of Council, xxvi., fo. 25.
† Acts of Lords of Council, xxvii., fo. 60.

Parochiales Scotiæ." It will be seen that Kenneth, his son and heir, received considerable grants for himself during his father's lifetime:—"In 1509 King James IV. granted to John Makkenze of Keantalle (the brother of Kenneth Oig) the 40 marklands of Keantalle—namely, the davach of Cumissaig, the davach of Letterfearn, the davach of Gleanselle, the davach of Glenlik, the davach of Letterchall, the two davachs of Croo, and three davachs between the water of Keppach and the water of Lwying, with the castle and fortalice of Eleandonnan, in the earldom of Ross and sheriffdom of Innernis, with other lands in Ross, which John had resigned, and which the King then erected into the barony of Eleandonnan.* In 1530 King James V. granted to James Grant of Freuchy and Johne Mckinze of Kintale liberty to go to any part of the realm on their lawful business.† In 1532, 1538, and 1540, the same John M'Kenich of Kintaill appears in record.‡ In 1542, King James V. granted to John Mckenzie of Kintaill the waste lands of Monar, lying between the water of Gleneak on the north, the top or summit of Landovir on the south, the torrent of Towmuk and Inchclochill on the east, and the water of Bernis running into the water of Long on the west; and also the waste lands of lie Ned, lying between Loch Boyne on the north, Loch Tresk on the south, lie Ballach on the west, and Dawelach on the east, in the earldom of Ross and sheriffdom of Inneres—lands which were never in the King's rental, and never yielded any revenue—for the yearly payment of £4 to the King as Earl of Ross.§ In 1543 Queen Mary granted to Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintaill, and Isabel Stewart, his wife, the lands of Auchnaceyric, Lakachane, Strome-nemowklach, Kilkinterne, the two Rateganis, Torlousicht, Auchnashellicht, Auchnagart. Auchewrane, lie Knokfreith, Aucharskelane, and Malegane, in the lordship of Kintaill; and other lands in Ross, extending in all to 36 marks, which he had resigned.‖ In 1551 the same Queen granted to John M'Kenze of Kintaill, and Kenzeoch M'Kenze, his son and apparent heir, a remission for the violent taking of John Hectour M'Kenzesone of Garlouch, Doull Hectoursone, and John Towach Hectoursone, and for keeping them in prison 'vsurpand thairthrou our Souerane Ladyis autorite.'¶ In 1554 there appear in record John Mackenzie of Kintaile and his son and heir-apparent, Kenneth Mackenzie of Brahan—apparently the same persons that appear in 1551.**

Donald Gorme Mor of Sleat laid waste the country of Macleod of Dunvegan, who was an ally of Mackenzie, after which he passed over in 1539 to the mainland and pillaged the lands of Kenlochewe, where he killed Miles or Maolmuire, son of Finlay Dubh MacGillechriost MacRath, who was governor of Eileandonan Castle. Finlay was a very "pretty man," and, the genealogy of the Macras informs us, "the remains of a monument erected for him, in the place where he was killed, is still (1704) to be seen." Kintail naturally was very much exasperated at this unpro-

* Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xv., No. 89. Gregory, p. 83.
† Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. viii., fol. 149.
‡ Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. ix, fol. 3; vol. xii., fol. 21; vol. xiv., fol. 32.
§ Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxviii., No. 417.
‖ Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxviii., No. 524. Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xvii., fol. 56.
¶ Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xxiv., fol. 75.
** Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxxii., No. 211.

voked raid upon his territory, as also for Macdonald's attack upon his friend and ally of Dunvegan ; and to punish Donald Gorme, he dispatched his son and heir, Kenneth, to the Isle of Skye, where he made ample reprisals in Macdonald's country, killed many of his followers, at the same time exhibiting great intrepidity and sagacity. Donald Gorme almost immediately made an incursion on Mackenzie's lands in Kintail, where he killed Sir (Rev.) Dougald Mackenzie, "one of the Pope's knights." Kenneth Mackenzie paid another visit to Skye, wasted the country ; and on his return, Macdonald learning that Eileandonan was garrisoned by a very weak force, under John Dubh Matheson of Fernaig,—who had married Sir Dugald Mackenzie's widow—as governor, made a retaliating raid upon it, with fifty birlinns or large boats full of his followers, with the view of surprising the small garrison, and taking the castle by storm. The garrison only consisted at the time of the governor, his watchman, and Duncan MacGillechriost MacFhionnladh MhicRath, a nephew of Maolmuire, killed in the last incursion of the Island Chief. The advance of the boats was, however, noticed in time by the sentinel or watchman, who at once gave the alarm to the country people, but too late to enable them to prevent the enemy from landing. Duncan MacGillechriost appears, from all accounts, to have been on the mainland at the time ; but, flying back with all speed, he arrived at the postern in time to kill several of the Islesmen in the act of landing, and, entering the castle, he found no one there but the governor and watchman, after which, almost immediately, Donald Gorme furiously attacked the gate, but to no purpose, it having been strongly secured by a second barrier of iron within a few steps of the outer defences. Unable to procure access, the Islesmen were driven to the expedient of shooting their arrows through the embrazures, and in this way they succeeded in killing Matheson, the governor. Duncan now found himself sole defender of the castle, except the watchman, and to make matters worse his ammunition became reduced to a single barbed arrow, which he determined to husband until an opportunity occurred by which he could make good use of it. Macdonald now ordered his boats round to the point of the Airds, and was personally reconnoitring with the view of discovering the weakest part of the wall wherein to effect a breach. Duncan considered this a favourable opportunity, and aimed his arrow at Donald Gorme, whose foot it penetrated through the master vein. Not having perceived that the arrow was a barbed one, Macdonald instantly wrenched it out, separating the main artery. It was found impossible to stop the bleeding, and his men conveyed him out of the range of the fort to a spot—a sand bank —on which he died, called to this day *Larach Tigh Mhic Dhomhnuill* (the site of Macdonald's house), where the haughty Lord of Sleat ended his career.* The Islesmen burnt all they could find in Kintail. This is confirmed by the following :—In 1539 Donald Gorme of Sleat and his allies, after laying waste Trouterness in Sky and Kenlochew in Ross, attempted to take the Castle of Eileandonan, but Donald being killed by an arrow shot from the wall, the attempt failed.† In 1541 King James V. granted a remission to Donald's accomplices—namely,

* Genealogy of the MacRas, and MacRa MS. of the Mackenzies.

† Gregory, pp. 145-146. Border Minstrelsy. Anderson, p. 283. Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xv., fol. 46.

Archibald Ilis, *alias* Archibald the Clerk, Alexander McConnell Gallich, John Dow Donaldsoun, and twenty-six others whose names will be found in the "Origines Parochiales," p. 394, vol ii., for their treasonable fire-raising and burning of the Castle of Allanedonnand and of the boats there, for the "Herschip" of Kenlochew and Trouteness, &c.

For this service against the Macdonalds, King James the Fifth gave to him Kinchuldrum, Achilty, and Comery in feu, with Meikle Scatwell, under the great seal, Anno 1528. The lands of Laggan Achidrom being four merks, the three merks of Killianan, and the four merk lands of Invergarry, being in the King's hand, were disposed by him to John Mackenzie, after the King's minority and revocation, Anno 1540, under the great seal, with a precept under the great seal and sasine thereupon by Sir John Robertson in January 1541. But before this, in 1521, he acquired the lands of Fodderty and mill thereof from Mr John Cadell, which King James the Fifth confirmed to John Mackenzie at Linlithgow in September, Anno 1522. In 1541 he feued Brahan from the King to himself and his heirs male, which failing, to his eldest daughter. In 1542 he obtained the waste lands and forest of Neid and Monar from King James the Fifth, for which sasine is granted in the same year by Sir John Robertson. In January 1547 he acquired a wadset of the half of Culteleod (Castle Leod) and Drynie from one Denoon of Davidston. In September of the same year, old as he was, he went in defence of his Sovereign, young Queen Mary, to the unfortunate battle of Pinkie, where he was taken prisoner; and the Laird of Kilravock meeting with him advised him that they should own themselves among the commons, Mackenzie passing off as a bowman, while Kilravock would pass himself off as a miller, which plan succeeded so well as to secure Kilravock his release; but the Earl of Huntly, who was also a prisoner, having been conveyed by the Duke of Somerset to view the prisoners, espying his old friend Mackenzie among the common prisoners, and ignorant of the plot, called him by his name, desiring that he might shake hands with him, which civility two English officers noticed to Mackenzie's disadvantage; for thenceforward he was placed and guarded along with the other prisoners of quality, but afterwards released for a considerable sum, to which all his people contributed without burdening his own estate with it, so, returning home he set himself to arrange his private affairs, and in the year 1556 he acquired the heritage of Culteleod and Drynie from Denoon, which was confirmed to him by Queen Mary under the great seal, at Inverness, 13th July of the same year. He had previously, in 1544, acquired the other half of Culteleod and Drynie from Magnus Mowat, and Patrick Mowat of Bugholly. In 1543 John Mackenzie acquired Kildins, part of Lochbroom, to himself, and Elizabeth Grant, his wife, holding blench for a penny, and confirmed in the same year by Queen Mary.*

In 1540 Mackenzie and his retinue joined King James at Loch Duich while on his way with a large fleet to secure order and good government in the Western Highlands and Isles, upon which occasion many of the suspected and refractory leaders were carried south and placed in confinement. His Majesty died soon after, in 1542, and Queen Mary, his

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

successor on the Scottish throne, being then in her minority, the country at large, but particularly the northern parts, was thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. In 1544 the Earl of Huntly, holding a commission from the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, as Lieutenant of the North, commanded Kenneth Mackenzie, in consequence of the advanced age of his father, to raise his vassals and lead an expedition against the Clan Ranald of Moidart, who then held lands from Mackenzie on the West coast; and Kenneth, considering that in these circumstances it would be decidedly against his personal interests to attack Donald Glass of Moidart, refused to comply with Huntly's orders. To punish the heir of Kintail for this contumacy, the Earl ordered his whole army, consisting of three thousand men, to proceed against both Moidart and Mackenzie with fire and sword. The Earl had not sufficiently calculated on the constitution of his force, which was composed chiefly of Grants, Rosses, Mackintoshes, and Chisholms; and Kenneth's mother being a daughter of John, then laird of Grant, and three of his daughters having married respectively Ross of Balnagown, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the Chisholm of Comar, he found his followers as little disposed to molest Kenneth as Kenneth had been to attack Donald Glass of Moidart. In addition to the friendly feelings towards young Kintail in consequence of these family alliances, Huntly was not at all popular with his followers, or with the Highlanders generally. He had incurred so much odium for having executed the late laird of Mackintosh contrary to his solemn pledge that it required small excuse on the part of the exasperated kindred tribes to counteract his plans, and on the slightest pretext refuse to follow him. He was therefore obliged to retire without effecting any substantial service, and was ultimately disgraced, committed to Edinburgh Castle, compelled to renounce the Earldom of Moray and all his other possessions in the north, and sentenced to banishment in France for five years.

At Dingwall, 13th December 1545, the Earl of Sutherland entered into a bond of manrent with John of Kintail for mutual defence against all enemies reserving only their allegiance to their youthful Queen Mary Stuart.* Two years after this the Earl of Arran sent the fiery cross over the nation calling all between the ages of sixteen and sixty to meet him at Musselburgh for the protection of their infant Queen. John of Kintail, at the age of between sixty and seventy, when he might fairly have considered himself exempt from further military service, duly appeared with all the followers he could muster, prudently leaving his only son Kenneth at home; and when remonstrated with for joining in such a perilous journey at his time of life, especially as he was far past the stipulated age, the old chief bravely and patriotically remarked that one of his age could not die more decorously than in the defence of his country. The same year (1547) he fought bravely, as we have already seen, at the battle of Pinkie, leading his clan with all the enthusiasm and gallantry of his younger days, where he was wounded in the head and taken prisoner, but was soon afterwards released, through the influence of the Earl of Huntly, who had meanwhile got into favour, received pardon, and was appointed Chancellor.

In 1556 Y Mackay of Farr, progenitor of Lord Reay, refused to

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 112.

appear before the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, at Inverness, to answer charges made against him for depredations in Sutherlandshire; and she issued a commission to John, fifth Earl of Sutherland, to lay Mackay's country waste. Mackay, satisfied that he could not successfully oppose the Earl's forces in the field, pillaged and plundered another district of Sutherland. The Earl conveyed intelligence of the state of matters to John of Kintail, who, in terms of the bond of manrent entered into between them in 1545, instantly despatched his son Kenneth with an able body of the clan to arrest Mackay's progress, and this duty Mackenzie performed most effectually. Meeting Mackay at Brora, a severe contest ensued, which terminated in the defeat of Mackay, with the loss of Angus MacIain Mhoir, one of his chief commanders, and many of his clan. Kenneth Mackenzie was thereupon, conjointly with his father, John, appointed by the Earl of Sutherland, then the Queen's Lieutenant north of the Spey, and Chamberlain of the Earldom of Ross,* his deputies in the management of this vast property, at the same time placing them in possession of Ardmeanoch, or Redcastle, which has remained ever since, until within a recent period, in the possession of the family, becoming the property of Kenneth's third son, Ruairidh Mor, first of the house of Redcastle, and progenitor of the family of Kincraig and others. After this, Kintail seems to have lived in peace during the remainder of his long life and died at his house at Inverchonan, in 1561, about 80 years of age. He was buried in the family aisle at Beauly. That he was a man of proved valour is fully established by the distinguished part he took in the battles of Flodden and Pinkie; and the Earl of Cromarty informs us that, "in his time he purchased much of the Brae-lands of Ross, and secured both what he acquired and what his predecessors had, by well ordered and legal security, so that it is doubtful whether his predecessors' courage or his prudence contributed most to the rising of the family." As an illustration of his prudence, we shall quote the following curious story:—John Mackenzie of Kintail "was a great courtier with Queen Mary. He feued most of the lands of Brae Ross. When the Queen sent her servants to know the condition of the gentry of Ross, they came to his house at Killin; but before their coming he had gotten intelligence that it was to find out the condition of the gentry of Ross that they were coming, whilk made him cause his servants to put ane great fire of fresh arn (*Fearna*—elder) wood, when they came, to mak a reek; also he caused kill a great bull in their presence, whilk was put altogether into ane kettle to their supper. When the supper came, there were a half-dozen great dogs present to sup the broth of the bull, whilk put all the house through-other with their tulyie. When they ended the supper ilk ane lay where they were. The gentlemen thought they had gotten purgatory on earth, and came away as soon as it was day; but when they came to the house of Balnagowan, and Foulis, and Milton, they were feasted like Princes.

"When they went back to the Queen, she asked who were the ablest men they saw in Ross. They answered: 'They were all able men, except that man that was Her Majesty's great courtier, Mackenzie—that he did both eat and lie with his dogs.' 'Truly,' said the Queen, 'it were a

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 134.

pity of his poverty; he is the best man of them all.' Then the Queen did call for the gentry of Ross to take their land in feu, when Mackenzie got the cheap feus, and more for his thousand merks than any of the rest got for five."*

He had an only sister, who, as we have seen, married Roderick Macleod of the Lews. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John, tenth Laird of Grant, by whom he had an only son and successor.

(To be Continued.)

JOHN MACCODRUM.

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I.

THE poet may well be called the Child of Nature, for he comes from Nature with his mystic powers, and goes to her for the machinery of outward expression. As he is indebted to nature alone for the divine *afflatus*, so to her he goes for the drapery of thought, the images in which his ideas may become embodied. From her he receives the essence of poetry, the "thoughts that breathe"; to her he must go for the accidental form, that local habitation in which the spirit of the bard seeks to utter itself. The true spirit of song, born of nature, and compelled from the inherent impulse of its being to become articulate, goes forth with the instinct of true filial love to greet its great mother, and finds her ever responsive to its call, for as Wordsworth, her high priest among poets, says, "Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her." Thus could one of our great national poets say:—

> Oh! Caledonia stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child.

And owing to this sympathy between the child of genius and nature, has Scotland come to be, through the power of the great Enchanter, more than ever Scott-land. The natural scenery amid which a poet's lot is cast does not alter the essential character of his gifts, but it has a mighty influence upon the external form of his verse. Thus did the inspired Ayrshire ploughman glorify by the light of genius the surroundings of his rural life; thus did the features of his native land become woven into the immortal works of Scott, and thus too do the marvellous strains of Ben Dorain become half explained, when we behold the mountain in whose glen and corries Duncan Ban Macintyre spent so many of his days; to climb its steeps was for him to reach the summit of Parnassus.

That the Highlanders are a poetic race, is to a great extent owing to the fact that the Highlands of Scotland are a poetic land, and the Gaelic

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* Domestic Annals of Scotland, MS. History of the Mackenzies, in possession of J. W. Mackenzie, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh; MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie, and the MacRa MS.

poets have sung so sweetly, very much because the natural form of their country is soul-inspiring. Yet, apart from their surroundings, poetic feeling is a characteristic of the Celts, for even in circumstances and under conditions in which there is perhaps a dearth of what ministers delight to that eye which rolls in a fine frenzy, genius has found a home and expressed itself in the burning words of song. "The light that never was on sea or land" illumines the wastes of nature, and makes them blossom like the rose. That portion of the Outer Hebrides which composes Uist and Harris, although not equal in point of beauty to many favoured spots in the Highlands, has yet produced more than its own complement of bards, the works of some of whom have gone to enrich the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Of course it would be too much to say that the above localities are fairly described in the now rather famous lines by Professor Blackie, which he himself has explained to mean nothing more than "good natured banter" :—

> O God-forsaken, God-detested land,
> Of bogs, and blasts, and moors, and mists, and rain.

Yet it must be admitted that, although possessing certain points of beauty and attractiveness, their bare and treeless surface does not possess those inspiring elements through which Macintyre and Macdonald were enabled to adorn and beautify their thoughts. It is thus the more remarkable that they have given birth to Mary Macleod, the most celebrated of Gaelic poetesses, who sang the praises of the Dunvegan chiefs; Hector Macleod, the author of some of the prettiest pastorals in the Gaelic language; Archibald Macdonald, the most distinctively comic of Celtic bards; Niel MacMhuirich, the well-known bard and Seannachie of the Clanranald, and, to mention no other, John MacCodrum, the North Uist poet and the family bard of the Macdonalds of Sleat. To these other sweet singers might be added, whose flight was not strong enough to gain so high a niche in the temple of fame as those to whom allusion has been made,—

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Few Gaelic bards have had the advantages of education. While the names of Ross, Maclauchlan, Macdonald, and one or two others, exhaust the list of learned or even educated men, who have been inspired to sing in the Gaelic tongue, the Highland followers of the unlettered muse have been neither few nor insignificant. Nor is the reason far to seek. For a long time the Gaelic has been the language of the peasant, to a great extent exclusively. True, the Highland gentry knew and used it, but generally speaking, the circumstances of their up-bringing have not been conducive to the cultivation of Gaelic song. Their tastes have been cultivated through the medium of the English, which has long been, *par excellence*, the language of polite literature amongst us, and an acquaintance with which is a *sine qua non* to any well educated native of the British Isles. Thus has it been that through the exclusive prevalence of English culture among those to whom a liberal education was possible, the composition of Gaelic poetry has been pretty much confined, for the last two hundred years, to the lower and uneducated ranks of life.

John MacCodrum shared with the majority of his poetical compeers, the double disadvantage of being poor and illiterate. The name of his birthplace, as of the place of his up-bringing, he has immortalized in one of the stanzas of "Smeorach Chloinn Domhnuill":—

*An Cladh Chothain rugadh mise
'N Aird-a-Runnair chaidh mo thogail,
Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluanach, cluicheach.

The career of John MacCodrum was outwardly uneventful, and is known to us only through his poems and those witty *impromptus* and remarks which either have already been recorded, or survive only in the oral tradition of his countrymen. We do not know if he lisped in numbers so early as Rob Donn, the stories of whose infantile rhymes are more easily narrated than believed, but his first effort at poetical composition was at a very early age. The Editor of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" attributes the cause of the satire to the fact that the bard had not been asked to a wedding to which he expected an invitation. The fact of the matter was that John was asked, but being at the time only a half-grown lad, he was left to be entertained along with the more juvenile members of the party. Conscious of merit beyond his years, and no doubt possessed of the usual amount of poetic sensitivity, John felt keenly what he rightly or wrongly supposed to be an indignity, and indulged with much success in a satire, in which the wedding, and the principal parties concerned, were held up to public derision.

As might be expected, although the author was unknown, the song gave much offence—so much so, that Fearchar, the poet's father, having found out that his son was the composer, advised him seriously not to injure the fair fame of the family by indulging any more in such exhibitions of levity, and it is no slight mark of his filial reverence that, during his father's life-time, he composed no more songs, an amount of self-denial which certainly was extraordinary, considering the activity of the imagination which was thus kept under control. After his father's death, MacCodrum again mounted his Pegasus, and that to such purpose that, his fame reaching the ears of Sir James Macdonald, who was then proprietor of North Uist, he was by him constituted his family bard, with a yearly pension. This gratuity took the form of five bolls of meal, and when the bard received intimation of it from the lips of Sir James himself, he is said to have used his poet's license with good effect. "Gu 'neartaicheadh Dia sibhse Thighearn," says John, "'s maith an t-aran ach b' fheaird e' n t-annlan," whereupon the original order was supplemented by one for five stones of cheese.

* Of the above verse, as well as of the rest of the "Smeorach," Professor Blackie has given a spirited translation, in which the tone of the original is well expressed, although the learned translator made no attempt at being literal. In following Mackenzie's text, which, in the verse quoted above, is erroneous, he has made Mackenzie's mistake in one of the names :—

"At fair Cladh Chothain I greeted the light,
And Uunair bred me in ways that are right;
In view of the waves of the trenched tide,
Where they toss their crests in playful pride."

—*Lang. and Lit. of the Scottish Highlands*, p. 136.

During his life-time three of the Macdonalds of Sleat were proprietors of North Uist—Sir Alex., who died in 1746 ; the amiable and accomplished Sir James, who died at Rome in 1766, at the early age of twenty-five, and Sir Alex., his brother, who succeeded him, and is mentioned in Boswell's account of Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, as having entertained the great lexicographer at Armadale in 1773. All these were men of intelligence and culture. Their admiration for the peasant genius incited them to acts of kindness ; his gratitude for those favours was profound, his admiration of their noble qualities sincere, and in some of his best productions he celebrates their praises and laments their loss. As a pensioner on their bounty he spent the days and years of a long life, with the exception of a few trips to neighbouring islands, in his native Uist, and died there towards the end of last century.

A Greek poet has remarked that there is no other remedy for love, either in the way of salve or plaster, except the muses. The history of all literature shews, that the poet, of all sublunary mortals, is the being most susceptible to the influences of love. Love songs constitute no small element of every national literature, as it has in war inspired some of the most memorable actions on record, so " In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed." The poet, a being so keenly alive to all external influences, in whom the beautiful aspects of nature stir such profound and genuine sympathy, whose enthusiasm is roused by heroism and valour, whose admiration and reverence are kindled by the contemplation of human goodness—the poet can scarcely fail to be touched by loveliness and grace when manifested in female form ; to none so truly as to him can it be said that

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Nor have the hearts of our most distinguished Highland bards been callous to the claims of beauty. Not to speak of the princely bard of Cona, who, in a far past age, painted ideals of beauty that the world shall not willingly let die, those foremost in the ranks of modern Gaelic poetry have sung of their loves, and handed down the names of their mistresses to posthumous fame. Duncan Ban Macintyre sang the praises of his " Mairi bhan Og," in strains of immortal tenderness ; Alex. Macdonald, in " Moladh Moraig," indulges in a boundless exuberance of expression, in giving utterance to what seemed to be his feelings of admiration and affection, while William Ross expended all the ardour of his nature, in singing of a passion which ended only with his life.

The subject of these papers is an almost solitary exception. All the other strings of the Gaelic lyre have at his touch responded in strains that shall not soon be forgotten. Clio, Melpomene, and Thalia, each in turn, have not in vain been invoked. He has sung the praises of living goodness and departed worth, and celebrated in warlike measures the heroes of his native land ; he has reflected on the uncertainty of life, the evanescence of youth, and the sorrows of old age ; she " in heav'n yclept Euphrosyne," has been responsive to his beck, and " laughter holding both its sides " has not been slow to follow. But if ever he felt the tender passion he has left nothing to show it, for although thrice married, he never composed a love song. The Greek poet Anacreon complains in

one of his odes of his own too amorous propensities, for of whatever subject he would wish to sing, whether of the doughty deeds of the Atreides, or of the exploits of Cadmus, his lyre would ever answer in the strains of love. Anacreon and John MacCodrum seem to have been at the poles of inspiration in regard to the fair sex, for the latter, even when composing songs to women, does not reveal a trace of the language of passion, but is inclined to hold up the sex as objects of satire. The only woman who seems to have called forth his eulogy was the celebrated Flora Macdonald. to whom he composed the two last verses in his song to her husband, Captain Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, in Skye. Of her he said what subsequent history has verified :—

Le barrachd uaisl' 'us righealachd
Ghluais i anns na gniomhara
Thug seanachas buan do linneacha
Air chuimhn' an deigh a bais.

(Right nobly and royally
Did she engage in deeds,
Gave lasting talk to generations,
To be remembered after her death.)

The probability is that John passed through life unscathed by the arrows of the winged god, esteeming the daughters of Eve not even one of Nature's agreeable blunders, and in no sense the peculiar gift of heaven. Therefore, in a classification of his poetry, we find love-songs are a blank. The rest of his compositions may be arranged as follows :—*Satirical, Ethical, Patriotic, and Elegaic.*

I. Satirical.—It is a characteristic of Gaelic poetry, from the days of Ossian until now, that, as a general rule, it does not look at the ludicrous aspect of things. Its humourists are indeed few and far between, as scarce as roses in December. The Gaelic bards have been a serious race, whose sombre gravity is not very often relieved by the sunshine of a laugh. They can make us weep and shudder, admire and muse ; they can inspire us with awe by their descriptions of those aspects of earth, and sea, and sky, which are to be seen in their native land ; but they are not fond of tickling our fancies with merry thoughts. The genius of the people, as a whole, has received a melancholy tinge, probably from the stern character of their country's scenery. Their music seems to a stranger to be characterised by sadness. The note of the *piobmhor* is wild and wailing, and the minor key is a prevailing one in the airs of Gaelic songs. Thus it is that the comic element is not strongly represented in our poetry. There is only one Gaelic bard who is purely and solely comic—Archibald Macdonald, popularly known as *Gille na Ciotaig*—and even those satires by well-known Gaelic poets, in which the element of humour might be expected to predominate, are not of a kind to make us laugh. Duncan Macintyre and Alexander Macdonald, peerless in their own peculiar domain, do not achieve anything particularly great in this vein of poetical composition. They are scurrilous and abusive, powerful in vituperation, hearty and earnest in their expression of dislike, but seldom funny. Nor would we express anything like unmingled admiration for Rob Donn's satires, the humour of which, although genuine and amusing, is in its character so often questionable that an expurgated edition of

them, fit for a drawing-room table, would be like the play of Hamlet, wanting Hamlet's part.

Laying all partiality and prejudice aside, I have no hesitation in according the first place among Gaelic satirists to John MacCodrum, and for the reason that, in wit and humour, rather than in an emphatic expression of malevolence, consists the excellence of his satires. When satirical, he is generally funny, often side-splitting. Of course, it would be too much to say that he invariably avoided Rob Donn's coarseness, on the one hand, or Macintyre's and Macdonald's mere heaping up of abuse on the other, but his satires in general were composed more with the view of expressing what to him appeared ludicrous, than of venting his own spleen, or manifesting his powers of metrical scolding.

In considering this class of his compositions, we may first mention a few minor ones of a fugitive nature, which are illustrative of one of his poetic moods. We have alluded to the fact that our bard was three times married, and it was during his third anti-nuptial probation that a good-humoured skit, called "Oran nam bantraichean" was composed. In this effusion he more than hints his suspicions that he himself, an eligible widower, is the object of too many attentions from the widows of his acquaintance. His experience of that class of females seems to have repelled rather than attracted him. He does not seem to have needed that sovereign cure for gout which Tony Weller "took reg'lar," and recommended to those similarly affected with himself, namely, a widow with a strong voice and a disposition to use it. MacCodrum disposes of the matter in his usual light and airy fashion :—

Tha na bantraichean 'g am sharach'
'S gun agam mu dheighinn pairt diubh
Och och mo chall 'us mo naire
Falbhaidh mi 's fagaidh mi 'n tir.

Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach
Mi 'n coireach, mi 'n coireach,
Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach
Ged tha theirinnsa nach mi.

Ma theid mi Shannda na Shollas
Gu 'm bi dream dhiubh anns gach dorus
Leis mar a chuir iad 'n am bhoil mi
Theid mi sgor am faigh mi sith.
Theireadh iad, &c.

I may add a literal rendering of the above, although in the process of translation the aroma of the original must necessarily be lost :—

I am tired of the widows,
Being careless about some of them ;
Alas ! alas ! my loss and shame,
I'll have to go and leave the land.

Although they say I am to blame,
That being in fault I am to blame,
Although they say I am to blame,
Yet I deny that I am.

If I go to Sannda or Sollas,
There's sure to be one of them in each door ;
Since they've almost set me crazy,
I'll go to some nook to be at rest.
Although, &c.

A. M'D.

A LEGEND OF INVERSHIN.

—o—

Long ages ago there stood in the vicinity of Invershin a strong massive Castle, built and inhabited by a foreign knight—a stern, haughty man—of whose antecedents nothing could be learned with certainty, although there were plenty of rumours concerning him; the most generally received one being that he had fled from his own country on account of treason, or some other crime. Be that as it may, he had plenty of wealth, built a splendid castle, and kept a great number of retainers. He was extremely fond of fishing, and spent the greater part of his time in the pursuit of the gentle craft. He invented a peculiar kind of cruive, so ingeniously constructed that the salmon on entering it set in motion some springs to which bells were attached: thus they literally tolled their own funeral knell. He was accompanied in his exile by his daughter Bona, and his niece Oykel, both alike beautiful in face and figure, but very dissimilar in disposition. Bona was a fair, gentle being, who seemed formed to love and be loved. Oykel was a dark beauty, handsome, proud, and vindictive.

Among their numerous household there was one who, without being a relative, seemed on terms of intimacy and equality. He was called Prince Shin of Norway, and was supposed to have retired to this northern part of the kingdom for the same reason as his host. He was young, handsome, and brave, and, as a matter of course, the two young ladies fell violently in love with him. For a while he wavered between the two, but at last he fixed his affections upon the gentle Bona, and sought her hand in marriage. The old knight gave his consent, and the future looked bright and full of happiness for the young lovers.

The proud Oykel was deeply mortified at the Prince for choosing her cousin in preference to herself, and the daily sight of their mutual attachment drove her into a perfect frenzy of jealousy and wounded pride, until at length nothing would satisfy her but the death of her rival. She accordingly bribed one of her uncle's unscrupulous retainers to murder her cousin Bona, vainly hoping that in time the Prince would transfer his love to herself. The ruffian carried out his cruel order, and concealed the body in a disused dungeon of the castle.

Great was the consternation and dismay caused by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the lovely Bona; hill and dale, mountain and strath, corrie and burn, were searched in vain; river and loch were dragged to no purpose. Prince Shin was inconsolable; he exerted himself to the utmost in the fruitless search, then, wearied in mind and body, he wandered listless and sad through the flowery fields of Inveran until he reached the birchen groves of Achany, the quiet solitude of which suited better his desolate state. Here, with no prying eyes to see his misery, nor babbling tongues to repeat his sighs and exclamations, he gave himself up for a while to the luxury of grief. Then arose in the breast of the father the agonizing suspicion of foul play; but upon whom could his suspicions fall? Who could have the slightest reason or incentive to injure the kind and gentle Bona? He pondered and mused in gloomy solitude until the terrible idea grew in his mind that it must have been

her lover and affianced husband who had thus so cruelly betrayed her trustful love. "Yes," he muttered, "it must be Prince Shin who has committed this diabolical crime; he has tired of her, and took this way to release himself from his solemn contract with her and me, but the villain shall not escape; his punishment shall be as sudden and as great as his crime."

Having thus settled his conviction of the Prince's guilt, he caused him to be seized during the night, and thrown into the same dungeon in which, unknown to him, lay the body of his beloved daughter.

The accusation and his seizure was so sudden and unexpected, that for a time Shin lay in his dungeon totally overwhelmed with grief and indignation —grief at the loss of his bride, and indignation at the suspicion and treatment of himself. He was at length aroused and startled by hearing a faint moan somewhere near him, as if from some one in great pain. He strained his eyes to pierce the gloomy darkness that surrounded him; at last, guided by the sound being repeated, he discovered at the other end of the dungeon a recumbent figure, so still and motionless, that it might have been lifeless, but for the occasional faint, unconscious moan. "Alas!" exclaimed he, "this is another victim of treachery and cruelty, who is even worse off than I, but who can it be? I have missed no one from the castle, except my adored and lamented Bona." While thus speaking, he knelt down to examine the figure more closely, and as he began to get used to the gloom, he could see a little better, when to his inexpressible horror, dismay, and astonishment, he discovered it to be no other than his lost bride, whose young life was fast ebbing away through a frightful stab in her snow-white bosom.

Nearly frantic with grief, he strove with trembling hand to staunch the blood and bind up the wound, at the same time calling her by every endearing name that love could suggest. Again and again he kissed her cold lips, and pressed her tenderly to his heart, trying in vain to infuse life and warmth to the inanimate form of her he loved so well. He was interrupted in his melancholy task by the heavy door of the dungeon creaking on its rusty hinges, as it slowly opened to admit a man-at-arms, whom Shin recognised as one of the foreign retainers of the old knight.

"Ah! Randolph, is it thou they have sent to murder me? Well, do thy work quickly, death has lost its terrors for me, now that it has seized on my Bona; but yet I would that another hand than thine should strike the fatal blow, for *I* remember, tho' perhaps *thou* forgettest, the day when stricken down in the battle-field thou wert a dead man, had not I interposed my shield, and saved thy life at the risk of my own." So saying, he looked the man calmly but sadly in the face.

Randolph had, on first entering, seemed thunderstruck at seeing the Prince, and looked, during the delivery of his speech, more like a victim than an executioner; he changed colour, trembled, and finally, throwing himself at the feet of the Prince, faltered out with broken voice, "Oh! my lord; indeed, indeed, you do me wrong. I knew not that you were here; never would I raise an arm to injure you, my benefactor, my preserver! No, I came to—to——." Then glancing from the Prince to the lady Bona, he hid his face in his hands and groaned out, "I knew not you loved her, or I would rather have died than——."

A sudden light broke in on the mind of Shin, he sprang like a tiger at the trembling man, and seizing him by the throat, thundered out, "Accursed villain, is it thou who hast done this foul deed? thy life shall be the forfeit." Then changing his mind, he loosened his deadly grasp, and flinging the man from him as though he were a dog, muttered between his close-set teeth, "I will not soil my hands with the blood of such a dastard, he is only the base tool of another." Then raising his voice, he continued, "Tell me, thou double-dyed traitor, who set thee on to do this most horrible deed? and for what reason? See that thou tellest me the truth, villain, or by the bones of my father, I will dash thy brains out on the stones beneath our feet."

The trembling Randolph then explained how he, being absent from the castle on a foraging expedition, knew nothing of the betrothal of Prince Shin and the lady Bona, that on his return he was sent for by Oykel, who, in a private interview, told him *she* was engaged to the Prince, and that Bona, through jealousy, was trying all she could to set the old knight against Shin, and had even laid a plot to poison both her and the Prince, and that he (Randolph), believing this specious story, and being greatly attached to the Prince, was easily prevailed upon by Oykel to murder her cousin; that he had temporarily hidden her body in the dungeon, and was now come to remove it, and was astonished and horrified to find she was still alive. He then went on to say, that he thought he saw a way to undo some of the mischief he had been the means of doing, and that was to assist Shin to escape, and to carry the lady Bona to a place of safety, until it was seen whether she would recover, and what turn affairs might take at the castle. The Prince gladly availed himself of his assistance. They made their escape, and remained in concealment for some time until Bona had somewhat recovered her strength.

In the meantime Oykel, driven to distraction at the disappearance of Shin, seeing the utter fruitlessness of her crime, stung by remorse, and rendered reckless by the pangs of unrequited love, threw herself into the river, which has ever since been called by her name, and which, it is said, is still haunted by her restless, weary spirit. Bona is commemorated in Bonar.

Prince Shin and Bona now came from their concealment, and being fully reconciled to the old knight, were married with great pomp, and shortly afterwards sailed away to Norway, where they lived long and died happy.

M. A. ROSE.

A New Scottish Magazine in London.—The *London Scottish Journal* has been discontinued as a weekly paper, but it will appear in future as a monthly. To us it seems perfectly unaccountable how a weekly Scottish organ cannot be successfully carried on in London, where there are such a number of Scotchmen—more even, it is said, than in Edinburgh. We trust our Anglo-Scottish friends will extend such a hearty support to the new Monthly as will enable its conductor—Thomas Wilson Reid—to make it a complete success.

A FAMOUS HIGHLAND MINISTER OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

—o—

The Rev. James Robertson (more widely known as the "Ministear Laidir" of Lochbroom) was a native of Athole, in Perthshire, and was born about the year 1701. His father was a farmer in that district; his mother, who for many years survived her husband, was a daughter of a laird of the name of Steuart, commonly designated in that district by the title of Baron. Being a woman of more than ordinary size, she was well known among the inhabitants by the appellation of "*Seonaid mhor, nighean a Bharoin*" (Big Janet, the Baron's Daughter).

Of Mr Robertson's earliest years, few particulars are known, except that his father died when he was young, and that the care and management of the family devolved on the mother, and an elder brother. The latter, unfortunately, did not pay the requisite attention to the family concerns, which ultimately fell wholly on the mother, diligently assisted by her second son, James, the subject of this Memoir. Having with great alacrity gone through the usual course of education at the country schools, he entered on his classical studies at the then celebrated University of St Andrews, with the intention of qualifying himself for the Church; pursuing his object with unceasing assiduity until he was in due time licensed a preacher of the Gospel. He was soon afterwards appointed assistant to the Rev. Donald Ross, minister of the populous and extensive Parish of Lochbroom, in the West Highlands of Ross-shire. In this situation he exercised his clerical functions with so much zeal and fervency, as to attract the notice of all around him. On the translation of Mr Donald Ross to the Parish of Fearn, in the eastern part of Ross-shire, Mr Robertson became a candidate for the vacant Parish of Lochbroom; he was, however, powerfully opposed by another candidate, the Rev. William Mackenzie, a native of the parish, and closely related to the principal heritors. The right of presentation to the living belonged to the Earl of Cromarty, whose interest the Duke of Athole had procured for Mr Robertson; but the presentation was either not obtained, or not lodged with the Moderator of the Presbytery in due form, until the expiration of the period limited by law after the vacancy took place; so that the right of settlement became vested in the Presbytery of Lochcarron, which, after a long and keen contest, was decided in favour of Mr Robertson.

Having now attained to the summit of his pursuits, he diligently and effectually laboured to instil the principles of religion and morality into the minds and habits of his numerous parishioners, many of whom were still in a state of darkness and ignorance regarding their spiritual concerns; and being a man of a strong and intrepid mind, endued with a great share of personal strength, he frequently found it necessary to exercise the latter faculty in conjunction with the former, for reclaiming obdurate transgressors from their evil propensities.

An event may be mentioned, that ought perhaps to form the most conspicuous in his life, and which shall be related in as few words as possible. Having gone on a visit to Mr Ross of Fearn, his immediate

predecessor, as already mentioned, he one Sunday attended divine service in the Kirk of Fearn, an old crazy Gothic building, whose roof unfortunately gave way, and fell on the congregation, at the same time shattering the walls. In this distressing dilemma, Mr Robertson fortunately remained unhurt, and with the utmost presence of mind, made his way to the principal entry, cleared it of much rubbish, and applied his shoulder to a part of the lintel which threatened to come down, until a considerable number of the audience got out; he then extricated his reverend friend, at that time much advanced in years, who was in imminent danger of suffocation, from the canopy of the pulpit, and other rubbish that had fallen on him. Many lives were lost, and not a few maimed for life. Still the catastrophe would have been of far more direful extent, but for Mr Robertson's prowess and activity. And hence the appellation of the *Ministear Laidir*, or Strong Minister, was bestowed on him, by which he afterwards became more generally known, than by his Christian name and surname. He received some severe contusions in the course of his laborious exertions, from which he recovered after a confinement of some weeks to his bed.

A very few years after Mr Robertson's settlement at Lochbroom, the unhappy troubles of 1745 broke out; and it was with the deepest concern he perceived that the principal heritors of his parish were inclined to embrace the cause of the exiled family, but in particular his noble patron, the Earl of Cromarty, proprietor of a large district of the parish. By this unhappy bias, a great proportion of his parishioners became actors in the unfortunate struggle that ensued. His own loyalty remained firm and unshaken; and although his earnest persuasion and remonstrances were generally disregarded, yet they were the happy instruments of deterring many from openly throwing off their allegiance to their Sovereign, by which they fortunately escaped the ruin that soon overtook many who were less cautious.

His loyalty and zeal being well known to the commanders of His Majesty's forces in the north, as well as to some of the civil authorities who remained stedfast, a great degree of confidence was reposed in him, which will appear to have been attended with beneficial consequences in the sequel.

When the Highland army returned northward after the Battle of Falkirk, the Earl of Loudon, with the corps he commanded, and accompanied by President Forbes of the Court of Session, was compelled to abandon the town and county of Inverness, retiring to the county of Sutherland; and finding that even there he was liable to be attacked by superior numbers after the main body of the Highlanders had taken possession of Inverness, he determined on pursuing a secret route through the vast mountains with which that wild country abounds, and if possible effect a junction with the newly raised forces by, and under the command of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Macleod, and Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose; all stationed about the Sound that runs between the Isle of Skye and the countries of Lochalsh and Glenelg. Though the above-mentioned chieftains seemingly espoused the royal cause, there was great reason to fear, that had any serious disaster happened to His Majesty's forces at that momentous period, their loyalty would be effectually convulsed, and ultimately preponderate in favour of the adverse party.

Loudon appears to have had two material objects in view by the resolution he adopted; the first was to escape from a part of the country where he was in the utmost danger of being momentarily attacked and captured by a superior force; the second object was to form a junction with the forces above-mentioned, and thereby awe the wavering dispositions of the Chiefs, whose conduct and zeal admitted of much doubt, and at the same time acquire the accession of so much strength as would render any attack on him improbable and unavailing. Still he was aware of the danger of his long and intended route, a part of which lay through a considerable district of the Parish of Lochbroom, where several parties of the Highlanders were marauding, and whose inhabitants in general were at heart inimical to the ruling Government. In this dilemma he despatched a secret messenger to Mr Robertson, bearing despatches for the commanders of the newly-raised forces above stated, intimating his intention of joining them, the route he was to take, and directing that requisite provision and accommodation should be provided for his reception. The messenger was fortunate enough to arrive at the manse of Lochbroom, and to deliver his despatches in safety to Mr Robertson, who instantly forwarded them by a trusty person, well acquainted with the most unfrequented passes of the mountains he had to traverse, who conveyed them in safety to the intended destination.

But such was the vigilance of the disaffected, that the arrival of a stranger from Sutherland, and that he had a communication with the clergyman, was almost immediately announced to the commanding officer of a party of Highlanders, stationed about a mile from the manse; the consequences were that the messenger, together with Mr Robertson, were without delay or ceremony arrested, and brought before the officer for examination. The man who had brought the despatches was apparently a simple, plain-looking countryman, and Mr Robertson dreaded that he could not dissemble well enough to deceive his examiners; he was, however, most agreeably disappointed in the opinion he had formed of him, for the man framed and related so plausible and connected an account of the motives of his journey, that in a short time he was set at liberty; and no proof appearing against Mr Robertson, though much suspicion was entertained, he was, after the detention of one night, also liberated.

During that night, the party liberally indulged in revelry, drinking plentifully of their favourite liquor, *aqua vitæ*, and practising every effort to inveigle the minister into a quarrel; but being aware of their design, he carefully avoided an open rupture. Amongst other stratagems resorted to for effecting their purpose, they proposed that he should drink a bumper to the health of "Prince Charles Stuart," with which they well knew he would not comply; they then proposed that he should drink "King George's health"; this he in like manner declined doing, setting forth, that although it was his duty to pray for King George, yet he was under no obligation to drink his health, but as he found it convenient so to do. Being further and more earnestly urged on this subject, he loudly appealed to the commanding officer—who was stretched on a pallet of straw behind a bench of wood, in a state of stupor, from the effect of the potent draughts he had swallowed—complaining that he was strenuously urged to drink "King George's health." The officer, who had paid little or no attention

to what had previously been going on, vociferated a vehement oath, forbidding such treasonable practices; and Mr Robertson was not further molested for the night. The drift was, that had he consented to drink the royal health, a proper handle would be afforded for continuing his arrest, or of using him ill; all which, by his cautious conduct, he frustrated; and this, at first, serious looking matter, happily terminated.

Had the Highlanders intercepted Loudon's despatches, which so narrowly escaped their vigilance, a few hours only would be requisite for their transmission to Inverness; and the consequence would naturally be that a sufficient force for the destruction or capture of his corps would have been instantly detached from the Highland army. A disaster so serious, and at such a critical period, could not but prove of very alarming results to the royal cause; for it cannot be supposed that Loudon was in a condition to make any effectual resistance; his men, dispirited by retreat, harassed by their fatiguing march, without artillery, which it was impossible to drag across pathless, rugged hills, and pinched of provisions, must have fallen an easy prey to their enemies, who were well acquainted with the nature of the ground, and where to make the attack with every probability of success.

In a few days after, the Earl of Loudon, with his detachment arrived, on his route, at Lochbroom. Mr Robertson was then at some distance from his residence, in the discharge of his clerical duties. He was instantly sent for, returned with the utmost haste, and accommodated Lord Loudon, the Lord President, and their suite for the night, with the best lodgings and fare he could provide. The march was resumed early next morning, and fortunately accomplished without any material interruption.

The decisive battle of Culloden was fought soon after, and Mr Robertson thought it his duty to wait on His Royal Highness of Cumberland at Inverness. The victorious commander received him graciously, thanked him for his zeal and services, and made him a present of twelve stands of arms, to be put into such hands as he might think proper to entrust them with; and during His Royal Highness's stay in the north, a regular and active correspondence was kept up between them. The writer of this remembers, when very young, to have read the letters received by Mr Robertson, which were uniformly written and signed by "Everard Faulkenor." These letters were carefully preserved by Mr Robertson while he lived, though unfortunately lost after his death; the management of his affairs having devolved on trustees, his own children being all under age. His papers were carried to a considerable distance, where most of the trustees resided, and not attaching the due value to these documents, they were either lost, or destroyed as waste paper, to the great grief of Mr Robertson's sons, when they arrived at the age of appreciating their value. It may, however, be inferred, that His Royal Highness held Mr Robertson and his services in no small estimation, from the great favour he conferred on him—entrusting him with the use of twelve complete stands of arms, at a time when all the Highlands were disarmed by law, and when it meant instant death for a Highlander to be seen with arms in his hands.

When the trial of the unhappy captives taken in 1746 was about commencing in London, it occurred to Mr Robertson, that he ought to

interpose all his influence in behalf of his unfortunate parishioners. He accordingly travelled to London, a journey of seven hundred miles, then an arduous task to perform, at his own expense. The first person in whose behalf he appeared was Hector Mackenzie, for whom he had a great regard, and who had followed his infatuated superior, the Earl of Cromarty, in the luckless cause. Notwithstanding every exertion and interest Mr Robertson could make, poor Mackenzie was capitally convicted. The only prospect of hope then was to sue for a reprieve. Mr Robertson, not much acquainted with courtly and refined manners, applied in his own blunt and honest way to His Grace of Newcastle, entreating his merciful intercession with the Sovereign in behalf of the condemned Highlander. The Duke promised to intercede, and even signified a strong hope that the man's life would be spared. Full of joy on this assurance being given, Mr Robertson imparted his success to some of his friends, who observed that he ought not to be so much elated, for that the Duke did not at all times act up to his promises and professions, adding, that many found themselves deceived in the end by similar assurances given by his Grace. The reverend intercessor, who had no conception of dissimulation and want of candour in so high a quarter, was instantly alarmed by the hint thrown out to him, and in a short time, and without much ceremony, found his way again to the presence of the Duke, where he earnestly renewed his importunity in behalf of the unfortunate man. The Duke, either stimulated by a sincere inclination to save the man's life, or to get rid of Mr Robertson's incessant importunity, held out his hand to him, as an infallible token of his assurance of mercy. Mr Robertson grasped the hand in his awful fist, and in his ecstacy of joy, gave it such a powerful squeeze, that his Grace, in evident pain, cried out with great volubility, "Yes, yes, Mr Robertson; for God's sake let go my hand —you shall have him, you shall have him, you shall have him." His Grace's hand being released on this emphatic assurance being given, he shook it quickly, to restore the compressed blood to its suspended course, and Mr Robertson took his leave, with expressions of thankful acknowledgments for the unequivocal promise he obtained, and which was faithfully adhered to by his Grace.

During the subsequent trials, Mr Robertson was often chosen as interpreter, for translating into English, for the information of the Court, the evidence given in the Gaelic language. In this capacity he softened the translation in favour of the unhappy culprits, so far as his probity and conscience could admit of. His humane leaning to the cause of the unfortunate did not escape the perception of many ladies of high rank, who secretly entertained good wishes towards the deluded prisoners, and who probably bore no ill will to the cause they had embraced. He had in consequence a multiplicity of invitations to visit them at their residences, but so justly strict and cautious was he, that he never accepted one of them. Had he been sordid, and indifferent to character, he might have returned home loaded with numerous presents of great value, which he knew were intended for him.

Mr Robertson happily succeeded in rescuing many a victim from a violent and degrading death, among whom was Colin Mackenzie, aged about 20; he was a brother to one of Mr Robertson's principal heritors, and when

taken had the rank of captain in the Earl of Cromarty's battalion. This young man was an object of considerable attention with Mr Robertson, and through his indefatigable exertions he was saved from a premature and ignominious death, and restored to his family and friends. The quondam captain, some time after his return home, became Mr Robertson's rival in the affections of a lady to whom he had previously made proposals of marriage; but Mackenzie ultimately succeeded in obtaining her hand, thus repaying the humane offices of his reverend benefactor with deep ingratitude.

Mr Robertson, when in London, was one day, while crossing the Thames in a boat, assailed by a loud voice, in Gaelic, from a ship or hulk, lying in the river, with the following exclamation—"*Mhaighistir Seumas, am bheil thu g' am fhagails' an so?*" (Oh, Master James, do you intend to leave me here?) Mr Robertson instantly recognising the person who thus addressed him in so affecting a manner, replied in the same language—"*Ah, Dhomhnuill, am bheil cuimhne agad air la na biodaig?*" (Ah, Donald, do not you remember the day of the dirk?)—which was again answered from the hulk—"*Oh, Mhaighistir Seumas, s' olc an t'ait cuimhnachan so*" (Oh, Mr James, this is a bad place to bring that affair into remembrance). Thus ended the conversation. The prisoner was a Donald Mackenzie, a strong forward man, and one of Mr Robertson's parishioners, who, a few years preceding, had some favour—baptism to his child, for which, after a short examination, he was found to be quite unqualified—to obtain from Mr Robertson, which was inflexibly denied him. Being resolved to extort by force what he could not get by solicitation, Mackenzie secured the co-operation of one of his friends, another able-bodied man, as his assistant, and the two associates came on a certain day to Mr Robertson, whom they found walking at a little distance from his house, when they urged their suit with great earnestness; but seeing little or no prospect of obtaining their object, they laid hold of him in a violent manner, one on his right, and the other on his left, exclaiming that they would never quit their hold of him until he complied with their request. A keen scuffle ensued, and the reverend gentleman proving too powerful for both his assailants, Mackenzie drew his dirk, a weapon with which almost every Highlander was then armed, and inflicted a severe wound on Mr Robertson's right arm. After committing this outrage, they left him without obtaining any satisfactory result, and Donald was sent home to further study his catechism. He was one of the Earl of Cromarty's infatuated followers in the late contest for sovereign power, taken prisoner with his Lordship, and was confined in the hulk from whence he addressed his reverend pastor.

Mr Robertson lost no time in making the most powerful interest he could devise for the release of the desponding captive, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of succeeding, and of bringing him home to his native country, where he lived many years, uniformly exhibiting marks of sincere gratitude and attachment to his reverend benefactor. Mr Robertson having succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in rescuing many of his deluded countrymen from their miserable situation, returned to his parish, where he was received with unfeigned demonstrations of joy by all ranks; and, according to his wonted custom, applied

himself diligently and zealously to the discharge of his parochial duties.

About the year 1753, being then what is termed an old bachelor, he married Ann, second daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie of Letterew, a respectable heritor of the adjoining parish of Gairloch.* By this union he became the father of six sons and two daughters, who, together with his wife, survived him. His children were all under age at his death.

His stipend, as minister of the wide and extensive Parish of Lochbroom, was about 800 merks Scots annually—in sterling money, £44 8s 10⅔d—which, with the small parish glebe, was all the income he had for his support, until a few years prior to his death, when he obtained, after a long litigation with his heritors, an augmentation of 400 merks Scots, making the entire living worth £66 13s 4d. With this pitiful income Mr Robertson could not be supposed to have left his family far removed from a state of indigence ; but being a prudent good managing man all his life, he not only died without debt, but left a small patrimony in money to each of his children, and an annuity of £5 per annum to his widow, which, with £15 a year to which she was entitled from the Ministers' Widow Fund, constituted all she had to depend on for life. His sons, when arrived at the age of estimating the value of the correspondence so unfortunately lost, as already mentioned, greatly regretted the misfortune ; as, possessed of it, they might claim, and probably attract the notice of some of the servants of the Crown, to help them forward in life ; but wanting these important documents, they were deterred from suing for any favour whatsoever.

The following incident is related by a very respectable minister in the North of Scotland :—"Some years ago, I was called to visit an old man of my parish, then on his death-bed, who in course of conversation became desirous of communicating several incidents of his past life, and amongst others, mentioned that Mr Robertson's avowed loyalty to, and zeal for the House of Hanover in 1745, was so notorious, and so particularly obnoxious to the declarant, that he determined to destroy him, for which purpose he often watched a proper opportunity, and actually went one evening with his gun loaded to the window of Mr Robertson's room, cocked, and even levelled his piece, when, by the divine interposition of Providence, a sudden check of conscience smote him, and he found himself unable to pull the fatal trigger. He retired, and never afterwards thought of executing his wicked purpose, though he could never be reconciled to Mr Robertson at heart, for what he termed his unnatural principles."

At another time, during those unhappy troubles, when Mr Robertson was professionally employed in a distant part of his extensive parish, some zealous Jacobites applied a ladder to the window of his study, broke into the apartment, and examined all his papers, in search of a correspondence he was supposed to be carrying on with the friends of Government.

* A portion of the Glebe of the Parish of Lochbroom is known by the name of "Letters." There used to be crefters living upon it, and perhaps there are so still. There is a tradition that "Letters" was a pendicle of the estate of Letterewe, and that it was given to Mr Robertson as a dowry with his wife, or that he got the use of it while he continued minister of the Parish. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is more than likely that at this distance of time the present occupiers will not be disturbed in their possession.

With all his other good qualities, gratitude formed a prominent trait in his character. Knowing that his noble and unfortunate patron, after being graciously pardoned by his merciful Sovereign, was living in London in straitened circumstances, Mr Robertson contemplated, and raised a handsome sum by subscription amongst his numerous parishioners, to which he liberally contributed, and transmitted the proceeds to the Earl, who returned a very kind letter, thanking Mr Robertson for his generous affections. This letter, which was written in the Earl's hand, was unfortunately lost along with the other valuable correspondence already mentioned.

Though many other incidents could be mentioned to illustrate Mr Robertson's general conduct and character, we shall close this sketch by relating the following adventure:—Mr Robertson, travelling southward from his own residence, rode a small Highland pony. After having journeyed more than a hundred miles, he on the fourth day found his small though spirited animal becoming tired, and passing some grass enclosures that invitingly offered a good bite, he took the liberty of entering one of them, and allowed his poor beast to feed, whilst he himself reclined aside, and became somewhat drowsy. From this slumbering state he was soon roused by a stentorian voice, issuing from a stout athletic gentleman, who not in the most courteous manner addressed the weary traveller, by inquiring how he could think of taking so unwarrantable a liberty, and threatening to turn his horse and himself outside immediately. The reverend transgressor, no ways intimidated by this rude speech, calmly replied, that he hoped he did no great injury by the trespass; as to his horse, he might turn him out very possibly, but with regard to himself, it might be somewhat different. The stranger, on this being said, instantly proceeded to seize the horse, and actually lifted him over the enclosure or fence. Mr Robertson, on seeing this unexpected feat of prowess performed, addressed his antagonist, by saying, "Sir, I see you have accomplished the first part of your surly threat, by turning out my poor beast; but I will let you see that I can raise him in again;" on this, leaping over the fence, he with seeming ease restored the horse to the inside. The owner of the ground, who happened to be Mr Barclay of Urie, was so struck with the coolness and suavity of Mr Robertson's manner, that he gave him a pressing invitation to rest himself for a day or two at his house, which was accepted without much hesitation; and after being most hospitably entertained, Mr Robertson departed on his journey, much gratified with the issue of this singular rencounter.

We are indebted for these particulars to a pamphlet printed for private circulation, and written about 1820, by the rev. gentleman's son, James Robertson, for many years Her Majesty's Collector of Customs at the port of Stornoway, who died at Edinburgh in 1840, in the 84th year of his age. The late John Mackenzie of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," who was the *Ministear Laidir's* great-grandson on the mother's side, makes the following reference to this gentleman in his preface to the "Beauties":—"The idea of this undertaking was first suggested to me by a worthy friend, who is now (1841) no more, James Robertson, Esq., Collector of Customs, Stornoway. Mr Robertson, himself a gentle-

man of high poetic talent, possessed a fund of curious information about the bards, and several written documents, to which he obligingly gave me free access, and from which some of the anecdotes with which this work is interspersed have been extracted." The Rev. Mr Robertson's eldest son, Alexander, became a captain in the Army, and afterwards emigrated to one of the North American Colonies. Another son, Murdoch, entered the Navy, and became a distinguished officer, while two grandsons, both named James, took up the same profession. For nearly a century in unbroken succession the family name of "James Robertson" will be found recorded with honour in "James' Naval History;" and it is at present represented in the British Navy by James Robertson, Staff Commander of H.M. training ship for cadets, the "Britannia," stationed at Dartmouth, which the sons of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales have recently joined. This officer is the grandson of Murdoch, and great-grandson of the *Ministear Laidir*. The lineal descendant of the famous minister of Lochbroom is James Robertson, Esq., of Worcester College, Oxford. He is also a great-grandson, being the son of Murdoch, the second son of Collector Robertson. He is heir apparent to the estate of Gilgarran, Cumberland, of which another relative, Mrs Katherine Robertson Walker, the second wife, and widow, of her own cousin, James Robertson Walker, R.N., is life-renter. Captain Robertson Walker was the eldest son of Collector Robertson. He had another son, John, the youngest, who was, between thirty and forty years ago, a noted master mariner. When in command of Gladstone & Company's ship, the "John O'Gaunt," known among seamen as "The Liverpool Frigate," he made such quick voyages in her with the new teas from China, that he stimulated other commanders of our own country and of America to race on the deep, and for that purpose the "Stornoway" and several other clipper-ships were built specially for Mr Robertson to command. His son, Francis Shand Robertson, is an independent gentleman at Richmond, Surrey, and is married to his cousin Mary, daughter of Evander Maciver, factor for the Duke of Sutherland at Scourie, another great-grandson of the *Ministear Laidir*.

The following is an extract from Colonel J. A. Robertson's "Comitatus de Atholia," printed for private circulation in 1860 :—"Robertsons of Guay—an old branch from Lude, their first ancestor being John, son of John, who, with his wife, Margaret de Drummond, got a Crown charter in 1452. (For an account of the family see 'Burke's Landed Gentry.') They appear to have had an extensive estate, and after they had disposed of the greater part to the Earl of Athole, they still retained the designation. They, like so many more of the Clan, unfortunately took part in the civil war of 1715. Bobertson of Guay is named as a prisoner that year, and was confined in Newgate in 1716. They then lost their estate that had remained to them. Now represented by Captain Robertson, a post captain of the Navy." This was the late Captain Robertson Walker, R.N., of Gilgarran, Cumberland, son of James Robertson, eldest son of the *Ministear Laidir*. Captain Robertson Walker died in 1858, and is represented by his nephew, James Robertson, above mentioned. Another great-grandson of the famous *Ministear Laidir* is John Mackenzie, Auchen-Stewart, Wishaw. A. M.

ROY ALAN.

—o—

Roy Alan ! Roy Alan, speed over the bay,
A maiden is longing for thee ;
Speed on, ere the moonbeams alight on the spray,
Thy galley must fly o'er the sea.
Haste onward, Roy Alan, the banquet is spread,
The clansmen are gathering gay ;
Haste onward, Roy Alan, thy love will be wed,
If thou dost not bear her away.

Roy Alan ! Roy Alan, the pride of the glen,
The bravest in bonnie Lochiel,
Has gone with his galley and twenty brave men,
Whose hearts are as true as their steel.
Let Roy Alan lead them, no danger they know,
Come foemen, come death as it may ;
His word is their law, and they joyously go,
Like deer on the crest of the brae.

There's joy in the halls of Macdonald this night,
The priest he has entered the door,
The pipers are playing, the torches are bright,
The maidens are met on the floor.
The bridegroom is waiting the glance of the bride,
Who weeps on the tower in her grief,
She hears not a sound save the song of the tide,
She hears not a voice of relief.

The rolling mists lie in the lap of the glen,
Deep sounding is Cona's wild roar ;
But Roy Alan nears with his twenty brave men,
And silently leap to the shore.
Macdonald's proud chieftain his daughter has brought,
The bridegroom is burning with joy ;
The priest may her wed, but ah ! little they wot,
Her heart is for ever with Roy.

"Roy Alan ! Roy Alan !" is heard with dismay,
His bright gleaming claymores are come ;
The bridegroom is pale, and the priest runs away,
The clansmen and pipers are dumb.
Macdonald's chief trembles, and strikes not a blow,
The maidens their terror reveal ;
Triumphant, Roy bears the lone Star of Glencoe
To shine on the braes of Lochiel.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

NOTES ON GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

—o—

Gabhar, gobhar, a goat; also an obsolete name for horse. Welsh, *Gafr,* a goat. *Gabharlann,* a goat-fold; also a stable.

It appears to me that Professor Rhys has clearly shown (Revue Celtique, vol. ii., pp. 337-338) that *gabhar* is not cognate with the Latin *caper,* which he believes to be represented in Welsh by *cariwrch,* a roe-buck, and in Irish by *cairfhiadh,* a hart or stag. "The right clue," he remarks, "to the origin of *gafr* is to be found in Ascolis Corsi di Glottologia, p. 178, where he infers a base *ghjama*—from Sansk. *himám,* frost, cold, snow; *hima,* winter, also year, as in *sata hima,* hundred years; compare Latin *hiems,* Gr. *chiōn, cheimōn.* Now *ghjama* might in the Celtic languages become *gama,* whence seems to have been formed *gama-ra*—liable to become *gamra,—gabra, gabr, gafr* (otherwise perhaps the *b* in these forms should be identified with that of Lat. *hibernus).* The meaning would seem to have been *one winter old,* that is, *a year old,* as in *chimaros,* fem. *chimara* (for *chimarja*), a goat, a year old lamb; see Curtins, p. 202."

The above views are corroborated by the obsolete Gaelic word *gamh,* winter, from which *geamhradh,* the modern Gaelic for winter, literally season of cold, or pain *(goimh),* is formed by adding *radh = re,* time. From *gamh* is derived *gamhuinn,* a stirk. In Lluyd's Irish-English Dictionary (Archæologia Britannica) *gamhuin* is defined—a calf, a yearling. From these facts it may be inferred that *gabhar* and *gamhuin* are two forms derived from an older word that originally meant any young or year old animal. *Mathghamhuin,* a bear, is derived from *math,* a hand, and *gamhuin,* a calf; hence this word signifies literally *the calf with hands or paws.*

Old Irish and Old Welsh *Nem,* heaven. Modern Gaelic *Nèamh.* Modern Welsh *Nef,* in which *f = v.* Old Gaelic *Neim,* or *neimh,* brightness; *Nim,* a drop; *Nean, nion,* a wave. Welsh *Nant,* a brook; *Nemh,* ancient name of the River Blackwater in Ireland.

M. Adolphe Pictet maintains (Revue Celtique, vol. ii., pp. 5-7) that it is wrong to connect the Irish and Welsh *nem,* heaven, with the Sanskrit *nabhas,* cloud, atmosphere, sky; Greek *nephos,* Slavonian *nebo,* &c.; that the change of *bh* into *m,* in fact, which is sometimes observed in modern Irish, in which the aspirated *bh* and *mh* are both pronounced like *v,* can hardly be admitted for the ancient language, and, especially, for the Gaulish. He thinks, therefore, that *nem* should be attached to the Sanskrit root *nam,* to bend, to incline, from which come *nata, namata, namra,* bent, curved, &c., and that, by allusion to the vault of heaven. He is of opinion that the *Namasat* of a Gaulish medal, as well as the *namausatis* of the Gaulish inscriptions of Vaison and Nimes indicate that Nemausus is a weakened form of Namausus. He considers the Gaulish *nanton,* valley, also to be derived from this root.

Were the Gaelic and Welsh *nem* to be traced to the Sanskrit *nam*, to bend, to incline, derivatives might be expected to be found in these languages retaining somewhat of the primary meaning, but such is not the case. All the words derived from *nem*, or cognate with it in all the Neo-Keltic languages, convey the idea of clearness or purity, and, metaphorically, of excellence—the same remark applies to all the cognate ancient Keltic words known. The origin of the word is to be sought in pre-historic times, and, since many variants of it are unquestionably to be met with in Non-Aryan tongues, it cannot reasonably be traced to a pure Aryan source. As for the change of the Aryan *bh* into *m* in old Keltic not taking place, M. Pictet, I believe, is correct in this opinion, and this fact precludes us from connecting *nem* with *nabhas;* but the Keltic *b* has frequently changed into *m*, and we find this to be the case at a very early stage in the history of the Neo-Keltic languages. Such words as *beangán*, *meangan*, a branch ; *mnathan*, plural of *bean*, a woman, &c., show clearly how strongly the change of *b* into *m* affects the Gaelic language. This fact, along with many others, evidently points to a non-Aryan origin for the *nem* and *nam* of old Gaulish words, for we could hardly expect the *bh* of *nabhas* to have changed further than *b* when those words were formed ; but the *b* of a non-Aryan and pre-Aryan language might have changed into *m* before the Aryans had entered Europe. As the Aryan conquerors intermixed with the pre-Aryan peoples of Europe, so, as was the case with the Arabic conquerors of the Accadians of the valley of the Euphrates, they took numerous loan words from the languages of the subdued peoples. We may, therefore, look upon *nem*, heaven, as non-Aryan and pre-Aryan, and cognate with the Accadian *nab (nap)*, light ; *nab*, divinity (Sayce's Elementary Assyrian Grammar, Syllabary, pp. 2–15). Comparison with the Accadian word implies at once a relation between the old Gaelic *Nem*, heaven, brightness, and the old Gaelic *Noeb*, pure, holy. In middle Irish, *noeb* became *noem*, and *noem* has become *naomh* in modern Irish and Scotch Gaelic. In Welsh, *nwf* denotes pure, holy.

Sky is *Nam-khah* in written, and *nam* in spoken Tibetan ; it is *namcho*, *nám*, *namchok*, *námchhurra*, *námchho*, *námtrúngma*, *namchhiri*, in several of the languages of the Kiranti group, East Nepaul. *Sun* is *nyímá* in written, and *nyímá* in spoken Tibetan ; in several of the languages of the Kiranti group, *nám ;* in Lhopa, N. E. Bengal, *nyim*. In some of these languages the name for light is usually a compound with *nam* as the first syllable. *Nefnoy* is light in Circassian. *Day* is nap in Magyar, *nyi-mo* in Tibetan, *nimo* in Serpa, Nepaul ; *nyim* in Lhopa, N. E. Bengal ; *ne* in written, and *ne*, *na*, in spoken Burman. *Water* is *nan*, *nam* in Siamese, *nán* in Shán, *nam* in Ahom, Khámli, and Laos, in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. (W. W. Hunter's Comparative Dictionary of the non-Aryan languages of India and High Asia).

So many analogous instances seem to me to leave no doubt as regards the non-Aryan origin of Gaelic *nèamh* and Welsh *nef*, and the primary meaning of the root from which they have sprung. We have *neamhain* and *neamhnaid*, both denoting pearl ; *niomhthas*, brightness ; *neimheadh*, glittering ; *niomhdha*, bright, shining ; *niamham*, *niomham*, I shine. Related to this group of words is seemingly *nim*, a drop, and *nean*, *nion*, a wave. These words are evidently cognate with the Welsh *nant*, a

brook, which approaches in form to the Siamese *nan, nam*, water. We may consider, therefore, the Gaulish *nanton*, valley, to be derived from *nant*, a stream or brook. *Nant*, meaning valley, is probably a contraction of *nanton*. *Gleann*, valley, is derived from *gil*, water. *Glan*, in Welsh, and *glann*, in Breton, signify river bank, and are no doubt derived from *gil*, or from a Welsh-Breton representative of this obsolete Gaelic word. *Srath*, a valley, stands in the same relation to *sruth*, a stream or river. These instances explain the primary and secondary meaning of the Welsh *nant*, and its relation to the Gaulish *nanton*. The word *naues* is found as a gloss on *reumas*, currents, in the Luxembourg Folio, a manuscript of the ninth century, containing many Welsh glosses. According to Professor Rhys, *naues* = *nav-es* is a Welsh collective noun meaning currents, or perhaps ebb and flow of the sea, and with this word he compares *Neifion*, for *Nevi-ān*, the Welsh equivalent for Neptune. Other two Welsh glosses in the same manuscript are *incedlestnéuion* and *lestnaued*. The syllable *nau* is, according to Professor Rhys, identical with *neu* in *incedlestnéuion*, and he infers "that *lestnéuiom* would seem to mean sluggish fluid" (Revue Celtique, vol. i., pp. 346, 347, 348, 350, 355, 361). Here *nau*, or *neu*, evidently conveys the meaning of water or fluid, and suggests, at once, a relationship with Welsh *nant*, brook; Gaelic, *nean, nion*, a wave, and *nim*, a drop; and would seem to be the Welsh equivalent of the obsolete Gaelic word *sniomh*, a river or brook (Irish-English Dictionary in Lluyd's Archæologia Britannica), as *nawf* is of *snamh*, swimming. In *sniomh* the *s* may be considered as prosthetic, so that we may infer that it is derived from an older form, *niomh* differing but little from *Nemh*, genitive *Nimhe*, the ancient name of the Irish Blackwater. The name *Nemh* then would seem to have been an ancient name for river or water, as well as for heaven, in the sense of "that which is clear or bright"; and in this sense *nem* signifies also *onyx*. The fountain of Nimes was not called *Nemausis* in reference to *nem*, heaven, and in connection with river worship, as M. Pictet thinks, but because *nem* was a name for water, and more especially clear water, as the analogies here adduced fully confirm. It is not certainly to be disputed that river worship and water worship was more frequent among the Kelts than among other western peoples of Aryan origin; but there are good grounds for believing that the river names preceded the river worship; so Nemesa, now the Nims, an affluent of the Moselle; *Nimis*, a river of Spain, now unknown; *Nemh*, a celebrated source at Tara, and *Nemh*, ancient name of the Blackwater, are names derived from a ground-word denoting water, or, more especially, clear water, and identical with *nem*, heaven.

In tracing the river names Dee, Devon, Diva, Divette, Divona, &c., to the Sanskrit *dêva*, god, M. Pictet seems to have overlooked the secondary Aryan root DHAV, to flow or run, formed from DHU, to stir or agitate. A modified Gaelic form of DHAV is *deubh*, which is now specially applied to vessels become leaky by exposure, *e.g., Dheubh an soitheach*, the vessel has dried up so as to become leaky. In the pronunciation of some Highland districts the *bh* is silent, and the word is pronounced *d-yay* instead of *d-yave*. This fact explains the loss of *v* in the river name Dee. This word is found in the concluding passage of Tiomna Ghuill:—

"*Gus an sguir na sruthain a ruith,*
'S an dèagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhtean."

(Tiomna Ghuill, Smith's Sean Dàna, p. 77.)

"Until streamlets cease to run,
And the source, literally the water-mother, of the mountains be dried up."

The genitive singular of *deoch*, in Scotch Gaelic *dibhe*, would imply an obsolete nominative *dibh* or *deabh*. The Irish genitive *dighe* is regular and corresponds to *deoch*. There is an obsolete Gaelic word *daif*, drink, of which Professor Rhys remarks "may it not be for an earlier *daibh* with the *bh* hardened into *f*, just as final *gh* becomes *ch* in modern Irish? if so, one might connect it with the Welsh *dafn*, a drop of water or of any other liquid, pl. *defni*, drops." The hardening of *bh* and *mh*, both *v* into *f* is frequent in the pronunciation of several Highland districts. In these the *bh* and *mh* of *ciobhar*, drizzling rain; *famhair*, a giant; *cabhag*, hurry; and *amhach*, neck, are pronounced *f*. These facts confirm Mr Rhys's view that *daif* has been derived from an older form, *daibh*, of which the genitive would be *daibhe*; whence the Scotch Gaelic genitive *dibhe*, of drink. All these words point to DHAV as the root from which the forementioned river names have been derived

Anainn, the juncture of the wall and roof of a house, plural, *anainnean*, eaves. Welsh *Nen*, ceiling, wall, roof, top; the heavens, canopy. Accadian, *an, una*, high, sky, god; the god *Anu, anna, annab*, high, sky, god, the god Anu (Sayce's Elementary Assyrian Grammar, Syllabary, p. 2).

The Accadian god *Anu* would seem to be akin to the ancient Irish goddess *Ana*, referred to by Mr W. M. Hennessy in the following passage quoted from his very interesting article on "The Ancient Irish Goddess of War" in the *Revue Celtique*:—"As mostly all the supernatural beings alluded to in Irish fairy lore are referred to the Tuatha de-Danann, the older copies of the *Lebor Gabhala*, or 'Book of Occupation,' that preserved in the Book of Leinster for instance, specifies *Badb*, *Macha*, and *Ana* (from the latter of whom are named the mountains called *da cich Anann*, or the Paps, in Kerry), as the daughters of Ernmas, one of the chiefs of that mythical colony. *Badb ocus Macha ocus Anand, diatat cichi Anand il-Luachair, tri ingena Ernbais, na ban tuathige.* "*Badb* and *Macha*, and *Anand*, from whom the 'paps of Anann' in Luachair are [called], the daughters of Ernbas, the *ban-tuathaig*." In an accompanying versification of the same statement the name of *Anand* or *Ana*, however, is changed to *Morrigan*:—

Badb is Macha met indbais,
Morrigan fotla felbais,
Indlema ind aga ernbais,
Ingena ana Ernmais.

Badb and *Macha*, rich the store,
Morrigan who dispenses confusion,
Compassers of death by the sword,
Noble daughters of Ernmas.

It is important to observe that Morrigan is here identified with *Anann*, or *Ana* (for Anann is the gen. form); and in Cormac's Glossary

Ana is described as Mater deorum Hibernensium; *robu maith din rosbiathadsi na dee* de cujus nomin-e *da cich Anainne iar Luachair* nominantur ut fertur," *i.e.*, Mater deorum Hibernensium; well she used to nourish the gods de cujus nomine 'the two paps of *Ana*' in west *Luachair* are named" (Revue Celtique, vol. i., p. 37).

Treann, a field, plain, lawn. Welsh *Tran*, space, stretch, district. *Treinchrios*, the Zodiac. In treinchrios, *trein* is evidently the same word as *treann*, signifying sky, in this compound word; hence *treinchrios* literally denotes the belt of the sky.

ISLAY. HECTOR MACLEAN.

Literature.

FULTON'S COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY AND SHIPPERS' GUIDE. R. E. FULTON, Liverpool.

THIS is a most useful Directory at a very moderate price. It contains 950 pages of well-arranged and well-printed matter, made up of about 150,000 entries of mercantile and manufacturing firms located in about 600 towns and places throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, arranged under about 1600 heads or classifications, to which there is a carefully compiled index. One special feature of the work is that the addresses of the makers of any required article, if manufactured within the United Kingdom, can be found in it without any difficulty. Shipping merchants to foreign countries are classified; lines of steamers to foreign and coast ports are given; all manufacturers or merchants are, we find, entitled to an entry in its pages free of any charge whatever. This is not the case with most other Directories. The space taken up by the North is as yet but limited, this being the first year in which Mr Fulton has taken up Inverness. We consider it a decided mistake to classify this district under "Aberdeen," as Inverness and the North are sufficiently important to obtain an independent section. In consequence of this arrangement and consequent confusion we find well-known citizens in Union Street here made to appear as if they were in Union Street, Aberdeen. This is a great pity in an otherwise exceedingly correct Directory. We have paid our money for another—the Northern section or volume only—and in it we find people occupying important posts in the Highlands who have been in their graves for five years, and others who have long ago left the country. We would warn Mr Fulton against any laxity of this kind if he wishes to secure a good and permanent hold in the North of Scotland.

EXAMINATION IN RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE BY HER MAJESTY'S INSPECTOR IN A NORTH-WEST ROSS-SHIRE PARISH.—Her Majesty's representative—"Now boys, you—that smart little fellow there—tell me, can you tell me this: What was the world made of?" "Nothing, sir." What! made out of *nothing!* most remarkable. Can that be the case? Now, just tell me what nothing is?" A pause. "Did you ever see nothing?" "Oh yes, sir." "What? saw *nothing!* where?" "On the sclate, sir." Tableaux!

CAPTAIN MACRA CHISHOLM, GLASSBURN.

[THE following is a translation of the Gaelic song, to Captain Chisholm, late of the "Black Watch," by Mary Mackellar, which appeared in our March issue. This version appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and is by Mr William Mackenzie, the representative of that paper in Inverness, and Secretary of the Gaelic Society]:—

Hurrah to the Chieftain!- a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold Mountaineer;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael.

When sounded the pibroch aloud in the hall
The glorious days of the past to recall;
As the brave Highland captain his war-pipe did blaw,
The clansmen replied with a martial hurrah!

In the field, while commanding, the Chieftain is bold—
A soldier as brave as his sires were of old;
His ancestors' valour hath won them their fame,
And well he deserves both their mettle and name!

Like his sires he delights in the Garb of Old Gaul—
The garb for the battlefield, forest, or hall;
As his freedom and vigour the grey trousers mar,
His joy was the kilt both in peace and in war.

The Captain of Glassburn in tartan array,
He rescues the tongue of the Celt from decay—
With his sporran and dirk who can with him compare
In courage and splendour, at kirk or at fair?

His wisdom and valour are marks of his race,
Like the honour that beams in his fair Highland face;
O! where was their one 'mong the nymphs of the land
That would not fly with him and give him her hand?

Oft sallies he forth on the track of the deer,
Where the eagle floats high o'er the stag's swift career;
With his death-dealing musket behold him go forth,
To tread with a light step the hills of the north!

The stags in the corrie are oft in the morn
Aroused from their sleep by the sound of his horn;
To his rifle's report the loud echoes reply—
"The red deer has fallen, has fallen to die!"

In the hall of the mansion he's sportive and gay,
When his music breathes softly its magical sway,
While in midst of grim battle triumphant he'll charge
'Gainst the foes of his country, with broadsword and targe.

While a glance of his eye will a foeman control,
The sound of his pipes will enrapture the soul;
His delight is the glory of Alban to save,
And his joy is the land that has nurtured the brave.

Then high be his banner, and welcome the strain
Of his war-pipe when sounding aloud in the glen;
Let clansmen their Chieftain with cheering all hail—
And long may he cherish the tongue of the Gael!

Then hurrah to the Chieftain!—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold mountaineer;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael!

Correspondence.

CURIOUS REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. MR MORRISON, PETTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The following are a few reminiscences of the late Rev. Mr Morrison of Petty. He was minister at Amulree, in this neighbourhood, previous to his removal to the Church of Petty, which happened in the following manner—anyhow it is the edition of the story as I have heard it. Some time in the autumn of 1746, after the suppression of the rebellion headed by Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Morrison was assisting Mr Patrick Nicolson, Minister of Kiltarlity, at his communion. The incidents of the rebellion were, of course, the subject of conversation more or less; especially the probable fate of the notorious Simon Lord Lovat, who took so prominent a part in it, and whose extensive estates Government had sequestrated. Mr Mackenzie of Delvin, near Dunkeld, an Edinburgh lawyer, and an intimate friend of Mr Morrison's, was appointed factor for the Crown on some portions of the above, and Mr Nicolson having privately been informed that it was the intention of the Frasers to waylay and despatch him, disclosed the plot to Mr Morrison. The latter lost no time in resuming his journey south, to warn his friend Delvin of his danger. Delvin, who had arranged to go north soon after to collect rents, sent spies before him, and found as Mr Morrison had informed him, a large party of armed men at the Pass of Sloc-muic, waiting his arrival. But nothing daunted, he pursued his journey by another route; did his business, and returned home in safety. He sent for Morrison; thanked him for his good offices in saving his life; and urged him to say what he could do to show his gratitude. Mr Morrison said he expected no reward, but, as he was a native of the north, should Delvin interest himself in his favour so far as to obtain for him a charge there, he would accept it as a kindness at his hands. The result was that Delvin made application in his behalf to the Earl of Moray, for whom he acted as "doer," and by and bye, on a vacancy occurring at Petty, Morrison got the presentation. It was on this occasion that he composed in praise of his patron, the Gaelic song—

Deoch slainte 'n Iarla chliuitaich
Thug smuid dhuinn sa bhaile so.

Health to the famous Earl,
That gave us smoke in this township.*

Apropos of your allusion to Morrison's prophetic gift, in your book on Kenneth Odhar, there existed a tradition among the people of Amulree that after preaching his farewell sermon, he closed the pulpit door with the words, "It will be many a day before you have the gospel preached from this pulpit." It was afterwards remarked that he was succeeded by several in succession who were not evangelical preachers. The above

* A house to inhabit.

allusion also reminds me of another similar anecdote told of him, during his incumbency at Amulree. My informant was a man of the name of Thomson, a native of that district, who died about twelve years ago, at the age of 105. This man was baptised by Mr Morrison; and the incident took place in connection with his baptism. Thomson's father arranged to go on a certain day to the Church or Manse to have the infant baptised. The day happened to be an unusually stormy winter day, and snow had fallen to a great depth. On the arrival of the baptismal party, the minister met them in a state of agitation, exclaiming, "The men are perishing, perishing!" One of the party said, "Who are perishing?" Morrison replied, "I do not know them, but they are perishing"; and mentioning the place, directed them to go without delay to the rescue. And so it was. On their arrival they found two men fallen into a concealed pit, where they lay helplessly, and greatly exhausted. They were men who, passing the hill that morning, were caught in the storm, missed their way, and would have perished but for this timely aid. The party in due time returned; the child was baptised—Mr Morrison at the close of the service giving fervent thanks for their deliverance. I have heard Thomson more than once telling this incident—which, he said, he had heard repeatedly from his father, who entertained an extraordinary veneration for the minister, whom he firmly believed to be possessed of the gift of prophecy. How to explain psychological phenomena such as this, I do not know. But that there have been such, I suppose there is no reasonable doubt. We find from our "Scots Worthies" similar things affirmed even of some of the most eminent of our Scotch reformers—as Knox, Bruce, Peden, and many others. The late Rev. Donald Mackenzie, minister of Ardconaig, nephew of the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochcarron, told me that he was himself present at a communion at Lochcarron, at which his uncle, while serving a table, made the following statement. After a pause, which drew every eye upon him, he said, "There is one at this table who will be in eternity before the sun goes down." And so it happened. One of the elders suddenly fell down dead as he was on his way home that same evening. This incident made a very deep impression at the time.

Mr Morrison was minister at Amulree in 1745, and was translated to Petty in 1759. Here he laboured diligently and successfully till his death in 1774. In Gaelic—of which he had a great command—he was a powerful and moving preacher, greatly appreciated by the pious people, who flocked from all directions to his ministry. But it appears he was not equally at home in English; probably, in part at least, owing to his residence at Amulree, where he seldom or never had use for it. Consequently, those of his people at Petty who considered themselves the *elite* of his congregation indulged in remarks not very complimentary, and that elicited from Mr Morrison the following, which, by the way, had a remarkable fulfilment:—"After I am gone, I will be succeeded by a minister whose Gaelic you cannot understand, and whose English you cannot appreciate."

Mr Morrison was a superior Gaelic poet. This procured for him the *soubriquet* of "the Bard." Besides the poem in praise of his patron just referred to, he composed several other beautiful poems, one of which, in

praise of the lady he afterwards married, is popular to this day. The following verses are a specimen :—

Mo nighean dubh, tha boidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh na treig mi.
'S ge d' theireadh each gu'm bheil thu dubh,
Cho gheal san gruth leam fein thu.

It concludes with the following stanza :—

'S ge d' nach dean mi fidhlearachd,
Gun dean mi sgriobhadh 's leughadh
'S naile dheanainn searmon dhut,
'S cha thailcheadh neach fo'n ghrein oirr.

Besides his more studied compositions, Mr Morrison's poetic gift found expression in occasional impromptu utterances. The church of Petty in those days, like many more of our old Highland churches, was a small low-roofed edifice, with steep galleries—always full, and, in good summer weather, full to suffocation. An atmosphere, such as we may suppose to have pervaded it on those occasions, must have had considerable soporific tendencies. On the occasion in question, a Mr Macrae, a well-known parishioner, happened to be more than usually somnolent ; and sitting as he was at the end of one of the gallery seats, he tumbled off, after so noisy a fashion as to excite attention. Mr Morrison paused ; and fixing his eye upon the man, exclaimed on the spur of the moment :—

A Mhic-Ra an d'thig rath idir ort.
Chuir tha eagal air na bha na'n duisg ;
Agus dhuisg thu na bha na'n codal.

Another of Mr Morrison's impromptu sallies happened in course of pastoral visitation. It appears, from some reason unknown, that his visits to a certain Laird and his lady were not acceptable ; and on perceiving him approach the mansion-house, they took the liberty of making themselves scarce. Mr Morrison, on knocking at the door, was told by the man in waiting that the Laird was not in. "Where is he?" asked the minister. "Gone to the fuller's mill," was the answer. "And the lady, is she at home?" said the minister. "No," was the reply, "she is gone to the smithy." "Yes, yes," said Mr Morrison, suspecting how matters really stood.

An Tighearna plangaid,
'Us a Bhainteargna air an d'fhas a chruaidh.
Da'r a chaidh ise do'n cheardaich,
Chaidh graidhean do'n mhuilleau luaidh !—

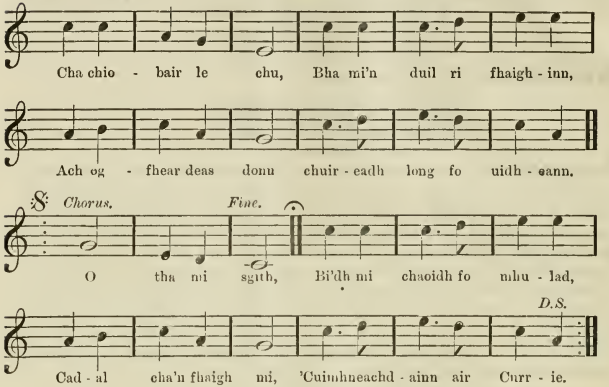
which in translation loses considerably, but may be rendered as nearly as possible as follows :—

The blanket laird.
The steeled lady.
Like goes to like.
When she went to the smithy,
He went to the fuller's mill.

Many more anecdotes are told of his readiness and wit, as well as his ministerial usefulness. But in the meantime these may suffice, as I dare say I have already exceeded the bounds within which I ought to have confined my reminiscences.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

KENMORE, March 1878. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

O THA MI SGITH.

Slow and Plaintive.

Cha chio - bair le chu, Bha mi'n duil ri fhaigh - inn,
Ach og - fhear deas donu chuir - eadh long fo uidh - eann.
Chorus.
Fine.
O tha mi sgith, Bi'dh mi chaoidh fo mhu - lad,
D.S.
Cad - al cha'n fhaigh mi, 'Cuimhneachd - ainn air Curr - ie.

KEY C.

| d' : d' | l : s | m : — | d' : d' | d' :-. r' | m' : m'

| l : t | d' : l | s : — | d' :-. r | m' :-. r' | d' : l ‖

Chorus. Fine.

| s : — | m : r | d : — | d' : d' | d' :-. r' | m' : m'

D.S.

| l :-. t | d' : l | s : — | d' :-. r' | m' :-. r' | d' : l

'S tu bu duibhe ceann,
'S tu bu fhlathail aghaidh,
'S tu bu ghuirme suil,—
'S tu mo ruin 's mo roghainn.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Theid mi do'n Charn-bhàn,
'S gheibh mi aite suidh' ann
'Dh-amharc air a' Stor
Bha na sheol na luingeis.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Ged chluinninnsa an traths
Bala 'bhi 'sa' bhaile
Dearbh cha d're'adh mo shroin
'Steach air comhla 'n doruis.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Currie dubh na' rop
'S beag mo dhoigh dha'n dhuine
B'annsa mac an t-seoid
'Falbh le 'chlesc 's le ghunna.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Currie 'sam fear bàn,
Thug mi gradh do'n dithis,
Thug iad bham mo chail
'S cha 'n eil mo shlaint aig lighich.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of a Sutherlandshire woman, and is one of the most popular in the North-West Highlands. I am not aware that it was ever before in print.—W. M'K.

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ST. EMILION—A Dessert Wine, soft and delicate, with fragrant bouquet	2 6	30 0
ST. ESTEPHE—An extremely agreeable wine, possessing all the characteristics of the first growths	3 0	36 0
CHATEAU LEOVILLE (Vintage 1873)—A soft and elegant Dessert Wine, with exquisite aroma	4 0	48 0
CHATEAU LEOVILLE (Vintage 1871)—A magnificent Wine, full-bodied and of extreme delicacy	5 0	60 0

CHAMPAGNE.

	p. doz. s. d.
SPARKLING SAUMUR CHAMPAGNE—This Sparkling Light Wine is a sociable and refreshing; it is the produce of a noted Vineyard, and is considered by Connoisseurs to be matchless of its class	30 0
SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE—This Wine is perfect in fermentation, dry, and of a light amber colour	50 0
MOET & CHANDON'S First Quality, labelled	66 0
MOET & CHANDON'S WHITE DRY SILLERY	66 0
LOUIS ROEDERER'S CARTE BLANCHE	78 0

MACDONALD & MACKINTOSH, Wine Importers, INVERNESS.

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